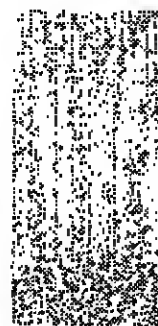


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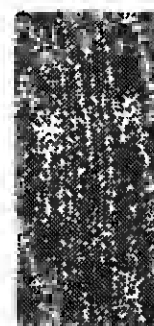
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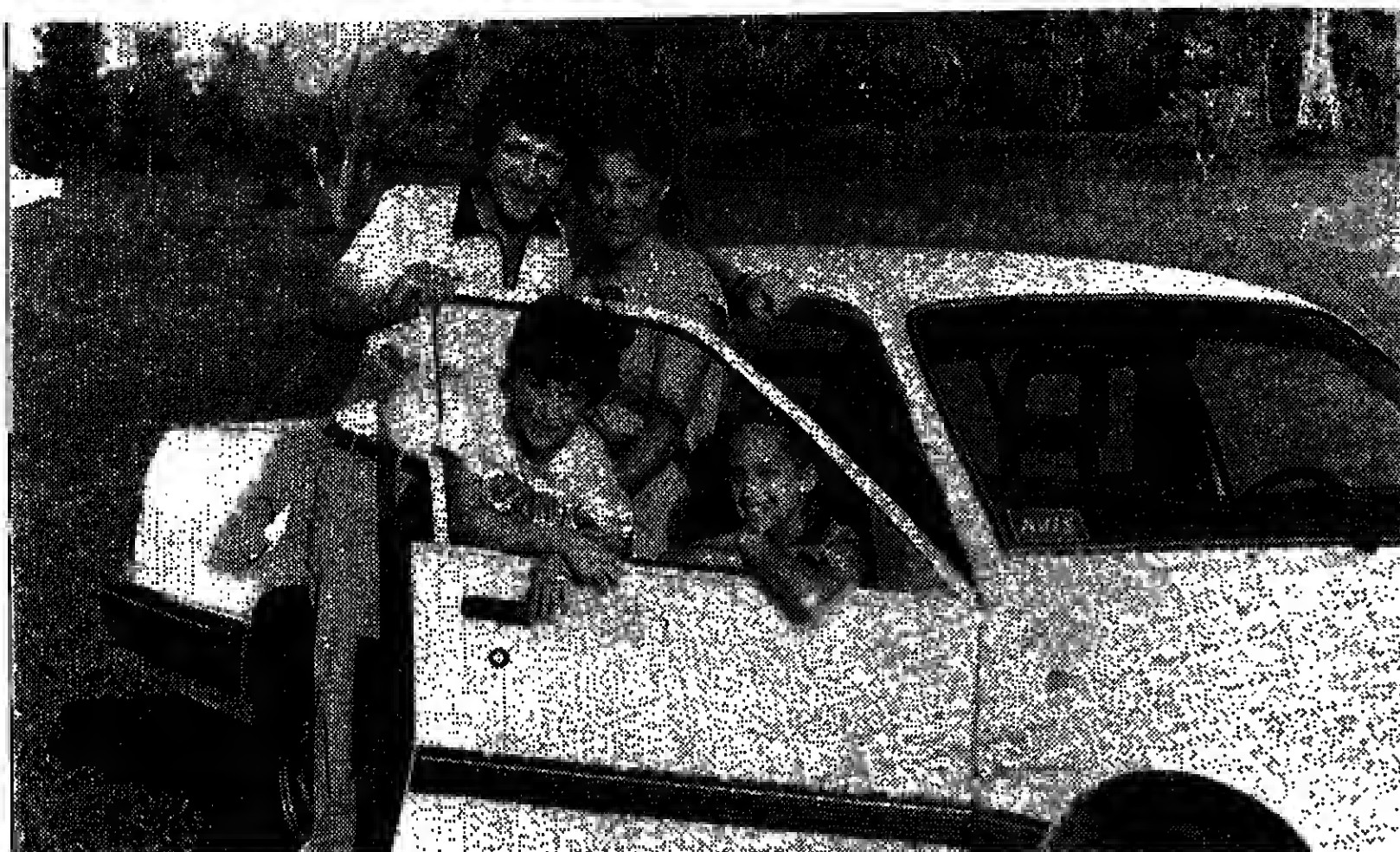
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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, June 24, 1983

Nature's
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Jerusalem Post



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EL VALON

החברה הישראלית לרכוש



On the cover: The secret world of plants opens to the blind. Photo by Liora Cheshin.

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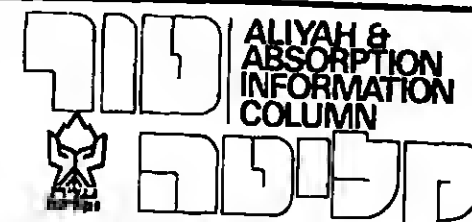
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CORRECTION

There were two errors in the article "Last Jews in Aden" published in last weekend's Jerusalem Post Magazine: The Messia-Benim headed the local community for more than 150 years, and the lower caption should have read George V, and not as printed.



Readers can contact us by writing to the ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS DIVISION, Department of Information for Olim, P.O.B. 818, Jerusalem.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING COURSES

The Training and Manpower Development Division of the Ministry of Labour and Social Affairs is offering a wide range of training courses throughout the country. Most of the courses are scheduled to open in September 1983. Among the subjects offered are the following: Electronics and Television, Carpentry, Plumbing, Sewing, Quality Control etc. Students are usually eligible for a modest daily allowance and public transportation expenses.

Further information may be obtained from the employment counsellor at the local Labour Exchange offices in each city, or from the Employment Division of the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption regional offices.

SUMMER CAMPS — REMINDER

Registration is still open for most summer camps. Olim who are eligible for financial assistance for summer camps should request the camp management to apply to the Social Absorption Department of their regional Ministry of Immigrant Absorption offices. The payment will be transferred directly to the camp management.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following new publications are now available:
1. Guide for the Olim (1982-83 edition);
2. Conditions of Employment for Selenites;
3. Post-Secondary and Pre-Academic Courses (Machine Programs);
4. Reprints of the Information Column "Higher Mortgages for Olim" (May 1983) and "How Much Does It Cost to Live in Israel?" Parts I, II and III.
The publications may be ordered from the English Publications Division, Department of Information for Olim, P.O.B. 818, Jerusalem.
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CAN the Liberal Party survive without Simha Ehrlich? Or will it splinter in many directions, possibly shaking the whole Likud in the process? Though discreetly unmentioned, these questions were uppermost in many Liberal minds almost as soon as their party's folksy and foxy chairman was felled by a stroke.

The Liberal Party's ills were not created by Ehrlich's death last Sunday, but his passing will no doubt magnify and aggravate the seemingly boundless Liberal infighting, intrigue and discord. Even with Ehrlich at the helm the Liberal ship was not sailing smoothly. There was constant dissent in the ranks; the chief mates were quarrelling bitterly and the crew was restless. Now that there is no captain to put even a semblance of order on board, it is hard to see how such a troubled vessel can be kept afloat.

Ehrlich was stricken only a few days before he was to make his first serious attempt to tackle the latest and fiercest round of Liberal infighting. This focused on the decision by the groupings headed by Energy Minister Yitzhak Moda'i to form a separate faction within the party. The disarray common among the Liberals was getting out of hand at such an alarming speed that a *de facto* split seemed inevitable. Even Ehrlich, with all his wit and consummate political artistry, was unable to exercise control.

Ehrlich was hardly an all-powerful authority figure, and it is unrealistic to suppose that even he could have pacified the warhorses inside his party. But Ehrlich at least could have kept the pieces together and cooled the ardour of some of the political egos around him.

IT IS DOUBTFUL that there is anyone now in the party who can carry out even this limited task. No one else can claim to command the respect of all the antagonistic groupings in the curious and complex Liberal set-up.

The loss is not only the Liberal Party's, but that of the entire Likud and especially of Prime Minister Menachem Begin. The earthy and shrewd Ehrlich was Begin's confidant in many instances, and a person to whom Begin was more likely to open up with and consult more often than with others. But Ehrlich was more than that.

Begin and fellow Herut members come from an ideological party with a distinct credo and long-range goals. Not so in the Liberal Party, where ideology was never more than skin deep and where ambitious individuals tend to band together and then break up over narrow and private interests.

The anies and instability of the Liberal component of the Likud often mystified and annoyed Begin and other Herut ministers. Ehrlich was their linchpin with the Liberal Party and the man who interpreted and helped guide Begin through the inexhaustible variety of surprises in the Liberal Wonderland. In this Ehrlich was irreplaceable.

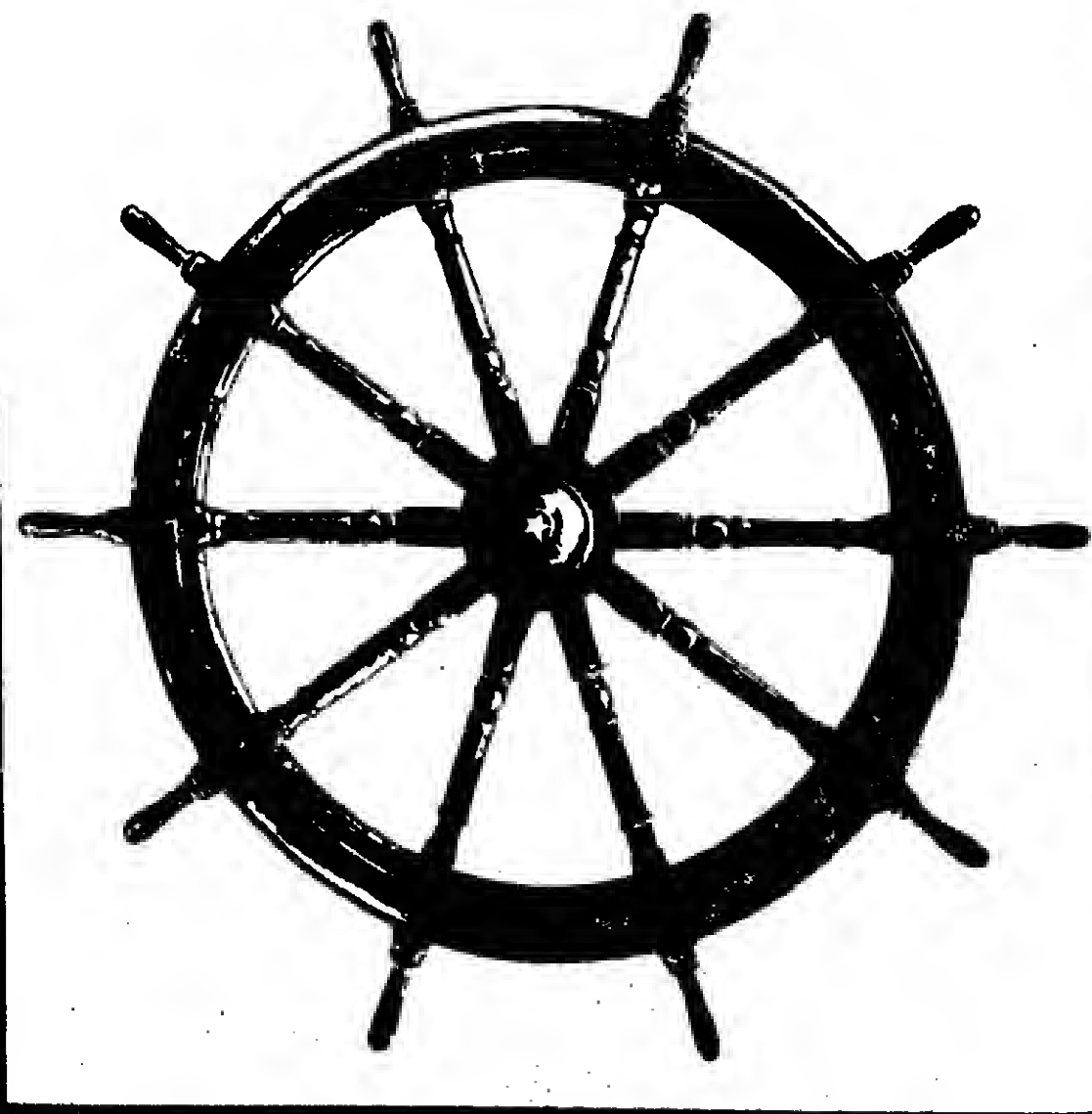
His passing will have profound effects on the internal relations in the Liberal Party, on relations between the Liberal Party and its big sister Herut, and even on the precarious balance between coalition hawks and doves.

The Liberal Party is already rumbling. But the full explosion is not expected until sometime after the traditional *shiva* mourning period for Ehrlich. Politics suffers no vacuum, and Ehrlich's would-be heirs are already making plans. The battle for the post of party chairman and for the deputy premiership —



VACANCY AT THE HELM

The Post's SARAH HONIG examines the possible effects of Simha Ehrlich's death on the Liberal Party, as well as on the two major political blocs.



both held by Ehrlich — is likely to be wrenching and unbridled. The Liberal Party can easily fall victim and the whole Likud can suffer as well.

ONE NATURAL aspirant is Moda'i, technically the second after Ehrlich in the hierarchy by virtue of his role as chairman of the party presidium. But Moda'i lost nearly all the power he garnered at the 1980 Liberal convention almost as soon as he won it. His allies teamed up with rival forces.

The latest blow to the Moda'i group was its inability to elect Ehrlich's deputy at the Agriculture

Ministry, Pessah Grupper, as the party's sixth minister. He was narrowly beaten by MK Sarah Doron of the faction headed by Tourism Minister Avraham Shafir. He in turn is lately on good terms with Trade Minister Gideon Patt, and either or both of them could make a powerful bid for Ehrlich's positions. They may also form the nucleus of a wider anti-Moda'i coalition. But Moda'i may well claim that there is no need to elect a new chairman at all and that he can carry on as titular party head.

Jewish Agency chairman Arye Dutzin is mentioned by those close to him as another possibility, but

unlike Ehrlich his relations with Begin are tense and he has not been getting along with the miffed Liberal groupings. Former defence minister Ezer Weizman's name has been floated in a Liberal context ever since it became known that he met Ehrlich shortly before the Liberal leader took ill.

The idea that Weizman would make his comeback to the Likud via the Liberal route is technically possible, though Begin can still block his way to the leadership. Weizman himself is less than enthusiastic, since it is clear that Begin's heir must come from Herut. Moreover, not all the warring

Liberals welcome the notion of yet another competitor — with a considerable ego — in their small arena.

Only semantics separates the Moda'i faction within the party from independent status outside the Liberal framework. Rivalries in the party are so personal and so intense that a war of everyone against everyone and irreparable rifts are not difficult to predict. If a fight develops, any vestige of Liberal unity will cease to exist, especially without Ehrlich's world-wise mediation.

THE LABOUR opposition will be watching the Liberal battles with intense anticipation. Labourites had been hoping that Moda'i would split the party and that some of its splinters would team up in an Alignment-led alternative coalition.

Ehrlich's death and the expected Liberal fireworks can only serve to once again heighten Labour expectations. Perhaps, it is thought in Labour, Moda'i and his allies will find it impossible to stay in the coalition and the Likud now. Perhaps the Liberal *enfant terrible* — Yitzhak Berman and Dror Zeigerman — will now cut their remaining ties with the Likud. Perhaps the Liberal Party will cease to exist as a single unit. These possibilities have once more buoyed Labour hopes to reach power through parliamentary combinations rather than elections.

Begin, however, inherits the greatest problem of all. If the erratic Liberal conflicts now intensify, he will, as Likud leader, have to step into the baffling Liberal arena and seek to impose the order that even Ehrlich probably could not achieve. For Begin that is a tall order, if not impossible. And certainly it is a great additional burden.

But Begin will have one option which he has already put to some use when the Liberal Party vociferously demanded the appointment last autumn of a sixth Liberal minister. Begin agreed, but asked the Liberals to choose their candidate. For long agonizing months the Liberals could not make up their collective mind, and thanks to internal squabbles, the sixth minister has yet to be sworn in. Begin let the Liberals stew in their own juices.

Pinchis say there is good reason to suppose that he will do the same with the deputy premiership. He will admit that it is the Liberal Party's due, but he will leave it unfilled if the Liberals will not unite around one candidate. Another idea is to pick a Liberal figurehead to fill the post — a man not too involved in Liberal infighting — such as Justice Minister Moshe Nissim. But that is only if other Liberal egos will not be too ruffled by such a compromise.

The agriculture portfolio is likely to go to Grupper, which should satisfy Moda'i, who will be getting one of his allies into the cabinet. This is likely to lift the Moda'i faction's veto against the Doron appointment as sixth minister (without portfolio).

Thus, possibly without a Liberal deputy premier, some pieces of the cabinet puzzle can fall into place, at least temporarily, in case the Liberal Party defies the experts and remains nominally united, or in case its components can operate as separate factions within the Likud.

WHATEVER happens, the coalition's resilience will now depend on its ability to keep the Liberals within the Likud. It might be that it will now be easier for the Moda'i

faction to win the status of a bona fide Likud Party, since it would be more difficult for the Liberals to put up a convincing and effective opposition. But this may precipitate the walkout from the Likud of Zeigerman and Berman.

Herut has, however, another scenario for the Liberal Party without Ehrlich. Perhaps now, it is said, it will be possible to tame those unpredictable Liberals. Herut of late had nothing but disdain for the Liberals. Herut had brought in the overwhelming majority of the votes that got the Likud its Knesset representation. But the Liberals, after being all but concealed from the voters' view in the 1981 campaign, managed to emerge with no fewer than 18 Knesset seats, many times over what the Likud Party could ever hope to win on its own. This is because of the 1965 Gahal agreement which determined the ratio between Liberal and Herut MKs. In Herut there is little love left for that agreement. It owed its continued existence only to Begin's sense of honour and perhaps to his personal friendship with Ehrlich.

With Ehrlich gone, some now think in Herut, it might be easier to amend the Gahal agreement before the next elections, either cutting the Liberals down to their natural diminutive size or ridding Herut of the Liberals altogether. The Liberals are perceived by many in Herut as freeloaders, troublemakers and potential traitors.

The Liberals are not unaware of the winds blowing in Herut, nor of their more vulnerable position now. As a result, say some Liberal pundits, it is not inconceivable that after a ritual round of interneeine blood-letting, the Liberals will stop suddenly and find that Ehrlich's death has frightened them into a truce.

They may realize that if they are too reckless, they may destabilize the coalition to such an extent that elections or a change of government are inevitable. Astute politicians that they are, they will quickly understand that if they bring the government down or force it into elections at an inconvenient time, they can hardly hope to find a safe slot again on the next Likud slate of Knesset candidates.

Insecurity about their futures has already made many Liberal MKs wary of elections. The fact that they can no longer count on Ehrlich's influence with Begin and the danger that they might incur the prime minister's or Herut's wrath, may have a sobering effect on the Liberals after all, according to the optimists among the Liberal pundits. The warring Liberal chiefs may just scare themselves into agreeing to a collective leadership, at least for the time being.

ANOTHER aspect of Ehrlich's departure is that he was one of the prominent doves in the cabinet. In the Knesset he is replaced immediately by a hawk — Avraham Hirschenson, head of the La'am youth movement. If Grupper does succeed Ehrlich as agriculture minister, Ehrlich will also have been replaced by a hawk in the cabinet, and this is bound to have some impact on cabinet deliberations.

But the one certain immediate consequence of Ehrlich's death is that the Liberals, the Likud and the coalition are in for a period of nerve-wracking uncertainty. The feuding officers grabbing unsteadily at the helm, will heave and lurch and may even come close to sinking, unless Begin, as admiral of the Likud fleet, can quell the unrest.

THIS WEEK'S EVENTS THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM 27 SHAUL HAMELECH BLVD. TEL. 257361

June 26-30

EXPRESSIONISTS — BUCHHEIM COLLECTION

The exhibition was made possible by a grant from the Federal Republic of Germany. The catalogue was published with the generous assistance of Bank Leumi. The exhibition includes 484 works: oil, watercolours, drawings and prints by 32 of the major German expressionists, presenting the artistic stream which originated at the beginning of the twentieth century. Among the artists: Erich Heckel, Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Otto Mueller, Emil Nolde, Max Pechstein, Karl Schmidt-Rottluff, Max Seckman, Otto Dix, Oskar Kokoschka and others.

GALLERY TALKS IN ENGLISH AT THE EXHIBITION "EXPRESSIONISTS — BUCHHEIM COLLECTION: Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays — at 10.00 a.m.; Mondays, Wednesdays — at 2.30 p.m.

LECTURE (in Hebrew)

UTOPIA AND REALITY: EXPRESSIONIST ARCHITECTURE, by Dr. Edina Mayer, Department of Art History, Tel Aviv University. In cooperation with the Goethe Institute, Tel Aviv. Thursday, 30.6 at 8.30 p.m.

EXHIBITIONS

A.R. PENCK — EXPECTION TO THE HOLY LAND, A Graphic Portfolio
HELMAR LERSKY: PHOTOGRAPHS 1910-1947
GABI KLASMER, DAVID REES — LANDSCAPES 1983 (See Helena Rubinstein Pavilion)

COLLECTIONS

IMPRESSIONISM AND POST-IMPRESSIONISM, TWENTIETH CENTURY ART
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THE ISRAEL NATIONAL CHOIR "RINAT", Conductor: Stanley Sperber. Works by Mordecai Schur, Strauss and Charap. Saturday, 25.6, at 8.30 p.m.

AN EVENING OF WORKS BY STEPHAN WOLPE, with Emile Serenden, mezzo soprano, the group for New Music, conducted by Stanley Sperber, and others. Guest artist: Katharine Wolpe, piano. Tuesday, 28.6, at 8.30 p.m.

CINEMA

Regularly:
THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT (Britain, 1982, in colour, 108 min., English, Hebrew and French subtitles). Peter Graenaway's film with Anthony Higgins, Janet Suzman, Ann Louise Lambert and Hugh Fawcett. The culmination point of today's romance in the English cinema. Daily at 4.30, 7.15 and 9.30 p.m.; Saturday at 7.15 and 9.30 p.m.
AFTERNOON ADVENTURE FOR CHILDREN (At 4.00 p.m.)
For kindergarten children (aged 4-5) accompanied by parent. Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday for 1st-2nd graders on Monday. Number of vacancies limited. Tickets in waiting hours at the Museum box office.
Viewing hours: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Friday closed. Saturday 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; 7-10 p.m.; See Office: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Friday 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; Saturday 7-10 p.m.; Helena Rubinstein Art Library: Sunday, Monday, Wednesday 10 a.m.-4 p.m., Tuesday, Thursday 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m.; Circulating Exhibits (loan): Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-1 p.m., Tuesday 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; Sales desk: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-8 p.m., Saturday 7-10 p.m. Information desk and Box Office Tel. 281297.

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EXHIBITION (Closing on Saturday, 25.6)
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SUNDAY'S BREAKFAST: COFFEE, TOAST AND ELKINS.

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The Sunday Jerusalem Post features the column by Michael Elkins, the internationally-known ex-BBC commentator. Goes nically with coffee and toast. Add a dash of Asher Felix Landau's bi-weekly law report, and then pore over an expanded sports page. Then on Monday, the best of American cuisine: The New York Times Weekly Review. Vegetarian? We recommend Walter Frank's gardening column — fresh and lively. Garnished with saucy Joe Morgenstern's Q and A on you end your money. In Wednesday's Post, the cholestero-free Today Page examines in-depth the trends and issues affecting women and the family. And much more: a doggy bag full of Dry Bonas, a daily Daily Telegraph puzzle to guzzle with prazels, and special dietary supplements featuring such topics as Israel's relations with Canada, U.S.-Israel relations, gardens, pets, computers, fashion, travel, home furnishings and...good taste. Daily stock market reports, lettuce to the editor.

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UNFORTUNATELY, we will never be able to take the same child and run him through several alternative schools and educational systems, starting each time at the same chronological and emotional point. So we will never know whether one or another school system, in its long-term effects, is "good" or "bad," either for an individual or a group.

It is probably correct that there are some children who are so bright and highly motivated that they will learn and thrive in whatever educational situation they are thrown into, while at the other end of the scale, there are children who for some reason will sink no matter how carefully they are nurtured. It may also be true that what is really decisive is not the educational system, but the quality of the individual teacher, the size of the class, and the atmosphere in the home.

Brimming with these and other preconceptions, I visited the camping site at Moshav Kfar Hittin in Galilee recently, where some 60 families from Haifa — parents, their children who attend that city's Experimental Open School, and a strong contingent of well-behaved dogs — spent a weekend of outdoor games and sports, project demonstrations, and earnest discussions. The outing, the first of its kind in the 12 years of the school's existence, was an enormous success, and if the atmosphere of genuine and high-level gladness generated at the Galilee campsite by children and parents alike is any indication of the weekday school, there must be a good deal in its favour.

The Haifa school, which shares a basic philosophy with other "alternative" schools in the country, notably Jerusalem, was created in direct response to parental dissatisfaction with existing schools in Israel. Many of these, it is felt, use authoritarian methods — teachers require pupils to regurgitate what is "learned" — and yet produce undisciplined children. (Or is it that children simply reflect the degree of lawlessness in our society at large?)

At the same time, many Israeli children — with, always, some admirable exceptions — often show an alarming lack of intellectual curiosity, perhaps because they are so preoccupied with grades. (I am not dealing here with the kibbutz school system, which has its own problems; by the time kibbutz children reach high school, many lack motivation. My own observation has been that the religious kibbutzin have managed to maintain the highest educational standards.)

Everybody knows that most kids enter first grade with great excitement and anticipation; but a few years later, the glow is gone.

THE AIM of the Open School is to provide a more benevolent educational environment, not necessarily for the exceptionally gifted, who will thrive and learn anywhere, nor for the slow learners, but for the great, noisy, mass of "average kids" — with all their individual differences.

As most readers vaguely know, the alternative school emphasizes individual interests and needs, and the notion of learning by experience. Discipline is maintained through understanding, with a minimum of rigidity.

At the Haifa school, which runs from kindergarten through to sixth grade, there is no learning by rote, no "frontal" instruction, and no

Child's play

Creating a 'benevolent educational environment' is the aim of an Israeli-style open school in Haifa. The Post's HELGA DUDMAN reports.

homework as such. The 110 kids attending, who come from all parts of the city, receive no grades. Classes tend to be luxuriously small — around 18 pupils. Children do "projects" on subjects of their choice, from tigers to Mendelssohn; work in any one field, it is felt, leads easily and naturally to any number of other disciplines.

"Although formal homework assignments aren't doled out to classes, my son is often up till midnight working on one of his projects, simply because he wants to," one Haifa mother told me.

AT THE campsite on Saturday morning everybody seemed to be admirably agile, both mentally and physically, despite the fact that their Friday night celebration had lasted till the small hours. By the time I arrived several project-demonstration-discussion-groups were about to start under several spreading shade-trees. These included one on the subject of homework, its pros and cons; another on how projects evolve; another on mathematics; and a mixed-media presentation on Mendelssohn (music, speech, and paintings inspired by the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, which could of course lead us straight to Shakespeare) by an essentially shy but quite-adequately poised little girl of nine, assisted by a cheerful classmate.

The nine-year-old, after a short introduction to composer Felix Mendelssohn and his famous philosopher grandfather Moses, took us along on a visit by the young Felix to Goethe. The children in this group under the tree (and one up in the tree), whose average age may have been six, were certainly entitled to be in the dark about Goethe, which is irrelevant. At least their brain cells have already recorded the name, or the sabbra approximation of it. Then the dialogue went something like this:

Mendelssohn: "We're going to Goethe."

Goethe (the assisting classmate): "Are you Felix?"

Mendelssohn: "Yes."

Goethe: "Then play something."

(Musical interlude.)

Goethe: "Did you compose this?"

Mendelssohn: "Yes."

Goethe: "You must be very tired." And so Mendelssohn sits down and writes a letter home, in which he describes his travels.

Elsewhere, under the homework tree, two little girls were playing the part of mothers and pretending to phone each other to discuss their children's homework.

Here it was obvious that the children were learning to see the other side of any argument, because they switched roles in playing mamas who were pro-and-con homework: "It keeps the children busy," versus "It makes the children so tired and unhappy." During the course of this presentation I heard a boy say to his father, "Let's go to the playground," and off they went.

AND IN yet another part of the educational forest, under the

mathematics tree, teacher Michal was teaching some small ones about cubic measures by filling containers with sand and water; wooden shapes of cones, pyramids, and cubes were in evidence.

I could have spent the day talking to Michal, who is on a year's leave from her regular job as a high-school math teacher. Born in Kibbutz Givat Brenner, she is a Technion graduate and has also studied life sciences and learning theory.

I asked the obligatory question about whether innate differences exist, between girls and boys, regarding learning capacity in various subjects, specifically the sciences. Michal answered that up until adolescence there is no difference between boys and girls when it comes to interest in, or ability to learn, scientific subjects — individual differences yes, but not as groups.

With the onset of adolescence, something happens — not just social pressures and expectations, but the hormones start doing their work. At this stage most girls — not all, of course; the curve is distributed — become uninterested in science, or somehow relatively incapacitated, while with boys the distribution is just the opposite.

"At the kibbutz, I was the only girl interested in science, and at the Technion, the only girl in a sea of boys," said Michal. What is involved, she tried to explain in the few moments we had, is an apparently sexually-linked difference in ways of perceiving the world: most girls tend to see "the whole picture," with all its implications, while most boys can more easily analyse an isolated element.

After this discussion, school principal Dr. Judy Hill had a few moments for me, since it was clear that the get-together had been a great success and practically no problems were cropping up.

UNDER AN unoccupied tree, Judy, as everyone calls her, gave me some overall information on the school and herself. This is her third year as principal, but her contact with the Open School began as a parent when it was founded in 1971. A son and daughter have graduated from the school; the youngest child, who is in the 4th grade, played Goethe to Mendelssohn.

Her husband Moshe is professor of city and regional planning at the Technion; she has a doctorate in English Literature. Both Drs. Hill were born in South Africa but studied in America.

Incidentally, "Anglo-Saxons" were prevalent among the founding parents of the Open School but, I was told, have since largely disappeared, for one reason or another. Among the parents I talked to, only one was a native English-speaker.

Judy radiates good sense and practicality; there is nothing of the faddish radicalism often found in progressive or open schools, where chaos has been known to reign.

"There is no violence at our school," Judy told me, which is more than can be said for many local schools. And that day at the

campsite, I was struck by the absence of hysteria and whining that often accompanies concentrations of kids.

"We have no false or artificial pressures," was how she put it. One adult at the gathering, a Ph.D. in mathematics from the Hebrew University, told me that he had attended the prestigious Reali School in Haifa, where studies are rigorous and discipline intense. He had suffered acutely throughout his childhood, he told me, "and it took me a long time to recover."

On the other hand, Judy's two older children chose precisely the Reali School after finishing at the Open School. "My son told me that he wanted to experience the 'other side of the educational system,' and chose the Reali School. When he works, he can be a good student." The elder daughter, now in the army, also graduated from Reali.

This means that children from the Open School are by no means incapable of adjusting to the changeover to a "normal" school and the subsequent rigours of the army. "During the Lebanese war, when so many young people were in uniform, we had scores of our former students who turned up to say hello. They would say, 'Don't you recognize me?' and of course I usually didn't, as they had changed more than I had. What all of them told me was that the years at our school were 'the best years of our lives.'"

THE curriculum covers the Ministry of Education requirements and is run within the framework of the ministry, which pays for the 200 or so "teaching hours" provided. Rent for the building which now houses the school, found by the parents and far from grand, is paid by the parents, and comes to about 155,000 per child per year. There is also a rather high cost for transportation, since children come from all parts of Haifa.

The parents I met seemed heavily weighted toward Technion and Haifa University faculty and the professions — I met an archaeologist, as well, and two musicians. But I was assured that about one-third of the kids come from underprivileged neighbourhoods; and as someone proudly told me, "our parents include a postman and policeman."

The attitude of the non-academic parents can be problematic: they are interested in the Open School because they want their children to succeed, which is to say, to rise above the parental level, and then find to their disappointment that emphasis is not on achievement as measured by grades.

Judy would like to expand the school to include high school, but this would require backing and wider parental interest. At another level, the school is expanding to accept "all sorts of children": one pupil currently enrolled has seriously defective vision, and next year there will be two children with total hearing impairment. "I think that accepting all kinds of children is good for all concerned," says Judy.

UNDER the final tree, as the weekend drew to a close, a loose circle of parents, many with children on their knees, were continuing a Socratic discussion on the nature of Open School education.

Fathers were in the majority, many holding young children in their laps. Indeed, the level of participation was very high, with two fathers among the event's organizers.

The computer-expert father, sitting on the ground next to an enormous sleeping dog, was asking some devil's advocate questions. What, he insisted on knowing, were the duties and responsibilities of children at the Open School?

I must say that I appreciated his question, even when another father replied, "And what are our duties and responsibilities in life?"

And yet another father, pointing out that all is not paradise anywhere, can it possibly be, observed that one of his sons had been at the school for three years, failing to maintain interest in his projects and "with a problem teacher and in a problem class — but that is ancient history."

The point was that the boy, who did not flourish in the open atmosphere, then transferred to a regular school and worked with more motivation precisely because of the incentive of grades. (Or else, perhaps he just grew up a bit.)

A BUCOLIC, tension-free scene, all in all, with dialogues and ideas that were far from radical because they have been around for so long: the basics of progressive education go back to the American philosopher John Dewey (among others) who died 130 years ago.

As noted, the Haifa school is anything but an American import, and even the English teacher is a sabra. Nearly all the parents have chosen it because of their own experiences in regular Israeli schools. As one mother told me, she herself enjoyed school here, did very well, and has taken advanced degrees in two different fields, "but for my sister, it was a catastrophe."

Though progressive education is not an exclusively American invention — similar dialogues were certainly used by concerned parents in Europe three generations ago — the American experience, where progressive principles have had their ups and downs, just like other fashions, is nevertheless instructive. Some years back, reacting to "far" education, American parents were wondering why little Johnny couldn't read.

But it all depends on who is in charge. I myself was lucky enough to attend a progressive school where we were actually required to *parse sentences*, a grammatical exercise which I am afraid would be well beyond today's university graduates. Not that Israeli graduates know how to write or spell all that well; and even here, we all remember the rise and fall of the New Math.

To make all this topical: when he was still chief of staff, Rafael Eitan addressed a gathering of professors and educators, and, as quoted recently in *Ha'aretz*, was full of admiration for the American school scene. Over there, in kindergarten, said Rafi, "when the flag is raised, the children stand silently and do not move a millimetre (italics mine), and a child who does move is hit on the hands with a ruler."

I cannot imagine where Rafi came by this bit of disintelligence, though I agree with him absolutely that children at school should be well-behaved; the question is how discipline is achieved, and what uses are made of it after school.

In any event, Rafi would approve of one item at the Open School: in contrast to the hysterical fear of dogs felt by so many Israeli children, the kids at Kfar Hittin that weekend were untroubled by such cowardice.



Nature's braille

The Post's RAYA RINOTT visits the Tel Aviv University Botanical Garden, where the blind can 'see' the plants on display. Photographs by LIORA CHESHIN.

"IT WAS a wonderful experience," said Haim Granott. "I never saw such plants. Big hairy ferns and soft flowers and even (he shuddered) enormous thistles."

This is not, perhaps, a too remarkable reaction for a person who has just visited the Botanical Garden at the Tel Aviv University for the first time.

But Haim Granott, 33 and blind since birth, said that this was the first time he had ever "seen" an orchid, or a cocoa tree, or a fern. He had previously handled ordinary plants in gardens, but this was a special experience where he was not only allowed but invited to use all his senses — touch, taste, smell — even sound, as he rubbed the leaves against each other and heard the distinctive rustle of different kinds of leaves.

"When you are born blind," said Granott, "you have great gaps in your ability to understand certain concepts. You hear about orchids. You read about them in your Braille books or on your cassette player. I've been reading Nero Wolfe detective stories for years and Wolfe raises orchids, but until last week I really didn't have a mental picture of what an orchid is really like...how delicate...how intricately built."

"PEOPLE often think that because we're blind we have no curiosity,"

he told me. "In fact we have more than usual, because there are so many things we can't get an answer to by observation. And people often are too shy to offer us something to touch. For instance, I never really 'see' a new person until I've touched him, but I have to be very sure I don't frighten or repel him if I ask to touch his face. It's the same way with animals and with plants."

"I remember that when I was about 16 or so, the Jerusalem Biblical Zoo had a programme where they let the blind 'see' the animals by touching them and listening to their sounds and hearing the sounds they make. I went every week, until the programme was discontinued. I heard that the municipality couldn't find the money to support it."

The Botanical Garden for the Blind, however, serves not just Israelis. Blind tourists from abroad have visited and enjoyed the experience. One group from England spent hours there, especially impressed by their first experience of touching such exotic specimens as fig trees, pomegranates and date palms.

"For me," said Granott, "it was like getting a look into the Garden of Eden. I hope it continues, and that every blind person can enjoy this wonderful source of information."

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST

PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

ILIJ SERIES — Nomi Buchman, flute, Rami Bar-Niv, piano. Works by Bach, Bar-Niv and others. (Tzavta, 38 King George, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Moshe Altmann, conductor. Works by Mozart and Haydn. (YMCA, tomorrow)

ISRAEL SINFONETTA — Mendi Rodan, conductor. Works by Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn. (YMCA, Sunday)

CHAMBER CONCERT — Elisha Ales, piano, plays works by Chopin; Rami Shiloah, violin, plays works by Corelli, Beethoven and Kreisler; Rami Zeman, piano, plays works by Chopin; Elad Halperin, clarinet, plays works by Stravinsky. (YMCA, Wednesday at noon)

Jerusalem Proms

VIOLIN RECITAL — Ida Haendel, accompanied by Geoffrey Parsons, piano. Works by Beethoven, Brahms and Liszt. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow)

RINAT NATIONAL CHOIR — Stanley Sperber, conductor. Works by Moravcsik, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Brahms. (Donation Abbey, Sunday)

ALLEGRO — Actors, singers and the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra in an evening of musical fun. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday)

GEVATRON — Programme of Israeli songs. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Conductor: Gary Bertini. Works by Mozart, Brahms and Beethoven. (Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday)

Tel Aviv area

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Zubin Mehta, conductor. Works by Beethoven, Brahms and Liszt. (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow, Sunday and Monday)

ITZHAK PERLMAN, violin, JEROME LOWENTHAL, piano — Works by Mozart.

Haifa

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Zubin Mehta, conductor. Works by Beethoven, Brahms and Liszt. (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow, Sunday and Monday)

Other towns

OBOE AND PIANO RECITAL — Oded Pines and Israel Kisoriano play works by Schubert, Bach and Saint-Saens. (Ramat Hasharon, Yvul, tonight)

TEL AVIV STRING QUARTET — Memorial Concert for the late Harry Bluhmberg. Works by Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven. (Herzliya Museum, tomorrow at 5 p.m.)

BAROQUE MUSIC — By the Hebrew University Baroque Ensemble. (Yvul, tomorrow, by members of the Israel Sinfonietta, Yvul, Monday)

HOBACE MANN CHOIR, U.S.A. — Johannes Sumary, conductor. Spirituals and works by Fye, Ravel, Vivaldi, Gluck, Saint-Saens, Gerstlwin. (Rehovot, Wis, Sunday)

KIBBUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Gideon Levinson, conductor. Works by Prokofiev, Stravinsky, Dvorak and Beethoven. (Kibbutz Daram, Tuesday; Kibbutz Yilim, Wednesday)

CHAMBER MUSIC — Tullu Krippl, flute, Gideon Pk, cello, Nina Sobelman, piano. Works by Mozart, Beethoven and others. (Yvul, Wednesday)



Ami Dnskel and Deenn Laska of the Israel Ballet in *Opus 1*, choreographed by Berta Yampolsky.

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BRURIA — Gali Lev and Ruth Wilek in a dramatization of Talmudic and Midrashic sources. (Pargod, 94 Ozalet, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

THEATRE FOR ALL — Improvisations directed by Lura Hanoch. (Tzavta, 38 King George, tonight at 10)

YORDIM AL HASHAVUA — Political satire written by B. Michael and Ephraim Sidon. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ACTORS VS. AUDIENCE — By Peter Hanks. Directed by Tami Lederer. (Jaffa, Hasmita, 8 Mazal Dagim, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

BENT — By Martin Sherman. Haifa Theatre production. (Haifa, Large Hall, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

BORDERLINE CASE — By Ruth Hazan. Music by Alex Kagan. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE — By Brecht. Cameri production. (Cameri, Monday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

DIRTY HANDS — By Sartre. Habimah production. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE FALL — By Albert Camus. Translated, adapted and starring Niki Nini. (Hasmita, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

Other towns

CLOWNS OF EDEN — Lilah Theatre production. (Beersheba, Keren, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

THE ISRAELI EXPERIENCE — (Rehovot, Beersheba, Theatre production. (Beersheba, Monday and Tuesday)

THE ASSISTANT — Theatre production of Bernard Shaw's story. (Kiryat Shmona, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

DRUMS IN THE NIGHT — By Brecht. Beersheba Theatre production. (Beersheba, Monday and Tuesday)

GIMPLE TANI — (Arad, Oran Cinema, Wednesday)

THE ISRAELI EXPERIENCE — (Rehovot, Beersheba, Theatre production. (Beersheba, Monday and Tuesday)

SKIRMISHES — By Catherine Hayes. Beersheba Theatre production. (Beersheba, tomorrow)

THE TEACHER — (Rehovot, Wis, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Laromne Hotel, Saturday at 9 p.m., King David Hotel, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Series by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English by Jeremy Hymn, Dawn Nudel, Isaac Weinstein, directed by Michael Schneider. (Milton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

DANNY GOTTFRIED JAZZ QUARTET — (Liberty Bell Garden, Thursday)

A GYPSY BALLAD — Songs and snail music with singer Andre Zweig, Gershon Alon, violin and mandolin. Haldi Ofer, flamenco guitar, Huel, Saturday at 9 p.m., Liberty Bell Garden, Monday)

GOLDEN GUITAR — Avner Struss plays classical, jazz and flamenco pieces. (Zorba the Buddha, 9 Yotl Sallomon, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m., Wed. at 8 p.m.) Haim Bulla plays classical, jazz and Israeli music. (Zorba the Buddha, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — Taste of Israel dancers, folk songs and folk dances. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Rehim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Fred V. Reed, piano, Eric Heller, bass, Sami Ghadameh, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, 31 Arze Road, Thurs at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — With well known Israeli musicians. (Pargod, 94 Ozalet Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

JERUSALEM COUNTRY BAND — (Tzavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

Jerusalem

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

FROM LAUGHTER TO LAUGHTER — Melina Theatre production. (Jaffa, Hasmita, tomorrow at 5 p.m.)

PRETTY BUTTERFLY — Programme of songs and games. (Hasmita, tomorrow, at 11.30 a.m.)

A STAR IN THE CLOUDS — By Benny Pines. For ages 6 and up. (Beit Lessin, 34 Weizmann, tomorrow and Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

Haifa

CREATIVE HAPPENING — For children and their parents. (Beit Abba Khoushy, Tuesday from 4 to 7 p.m.)

PUPPETS — Dance programme by Ruth Eshel. (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

PUPPET THEATRE WORKSHOP — (Haifa Museum, Monday at 4 p.m.)

Other towns

CLOWNS OF EDEN — Lilah Theatre production. (Beersheba, Keren, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

THE ISRAELI EXPERIENCE — (Rehovot, Beersheba, Theatre production. (Beersheba, Monday and Tuesday)

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SKIRMISHES — By Catherine Hayes. Beersheba Theatre production. (Beersheba, tomorrow)

THE TEACHER — (Rehovot, Wis, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

DANCE

INBAL DANCE THEATRE — Works choreographed by Sara Levy Tanel, Leah Avraham, Shlomo Hatzit. (Tel Aviv, Neve Zedek Theatre Centre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

EVENING OF ARABIC DANCE — (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE ISRAELI BALLET — Works choreographed by Yampolsky, Bolanchine, Marini. (Jerusalem, Binayoni Ha'uma, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1983

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE



A group of German-Jewish soldiers in Danzig during World War I (above); the Grent Synagogue of Danzig (centre) before it was torn down by the Jewish community (right) when Hitler's conquest

THERE WAS always something rather special about Danzig. Not just because it was a free city; it wasn't the only free city Europe knew. There was a specialness in the aura of an old Hanseatic city sitting on the Baltic, the contrasts of rough-hewn stone and narrow, cobbled streets with the expansiveness of its sea-front view and the sprawling luxury of its suburbs. There was also something special about the ancient mansions of Danzig clustered around its two markets: the coal market and the wood market. All these great houses spoke of wealth, but since they were built when there was still a window tax, you could rate the relative affluence of the first owners by the number and the size of the windows.

Danzig was a prosperous city, exclusive and aloof, and for centuries Jews were rigidly excluded from citizenship. But this didn't do much to curtail the impact of Jewish enterprise and commerce on Danzig and its economy. The Jews settled outside the city and used their right to two-week passes to do business in the busy, Baltic commercial enclave. This exclusion persisted until the late 18th century, when Jewish merchants, long isolated in the suburbs, began to live in the city itself.

Danzig was always a business-minded city. Even after the Nazis came to power and things were near breaking point, the Danzigers managed to persuade the Nazi Party to intervene and stop the harassment by their members of Jewish tourists. They were well aware that this harassment was bad for business.

The small Jewish community of Danzig was also special. Numbering only a couple of thousand at the time of World War I, it was as

Death of a free city

The Post's D'VORA BEN SHAUL describes the special characteristics of Danzig, which is recalled in an exhibition now on show at the Beth Hatefutsoth Museum.



(Below, from left): Cheering crowds salute Hitler's arrival in Danzig on September 9, 1939; members of the Hoshomer Hatzotz movement near Danzig in 1925; 18th-century European spice house

JULY 1983

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1

in Jerusalem Cinema
Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067
Fri. June 24, Double feature ticket
The Warrior Fox 14.30
Best Little Whore House in Texas 16.30
Sat., June 25
Best Little Whore House in Texas 21.00
Sun., June 26
Double feature ticket
The Warrior Fox 19.00
Best Little Whore House in Texas 21.00
Mon., June 27
Married Couple 19.00, 21.00
Tue., June 28
Night of San Lorenzo 18.45
Les Uns et Les Autres 20.30
Wed., June 29
From Mao to Mozart 18.45
Les Uns et Les Autres 20.30
Thur., June 30
From Mao to Mozart 17.30, 19.15
Night of San Lorenzo 21.00

EDEN

EMMANUELLE
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON

CHASE IN COLORADO
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

HAIRRAIL

TOOTSIE
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ISRAEL MUSEUM

Son. Mon. Wed., Thur. 1.30
INCREDIBLE JOURNEY
Tue. 6, 8.30
A VERY MODERATE NIGHT

KFIR

CABARET
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

MITCHELL

SOPHIE'S CHOICE
Sat. 7.30, 10
Weekdays 6.15, 9
Sat. evening transport assured

ORIGIL

LA BOUM II
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORION

PIRATE MOVIE
* KRISTY MACNICOLL
* CHRISTOPHER ATKIN
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ORNA

THE NIGHT PORTER
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9
For adults only
Sun. Sunday: 15.75

RON

FINALS
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

SEMADAR

PINK FLOYD THE WALL
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9.15

SMALL AUDITORIUM

BYE-BYE BRAZIL
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 7, 9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

FLYING HIGH — THE SEQUEL
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BEN YEHUDA

THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BETH HATEFUTSOH

LE GRAND PARDON
Sun., Tue. 5
Mon., Thur. 8.30

DEKEL

GANDHI
Winner of 8 Oscars
Sat. 8; Weekdays 5, 8.30

ESTHER

LA BOUM II
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.30, 9.30

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE

Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1

PIRATE MOVIE
* KRISTY MACNICOLL
* CHRISTOPHER ATKIN
Saturday 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

CHEN 2

CANNERY ROW
* DEBRA WINGER
* NIKK KATZ
Tonight 10, 12.15
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CHEN 3

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV
Tonight 10, 12.15
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CHEN 4

MURDER SHE SAID
Starring Margaret Rutherford as Miss Marple
Tonight 9.30, 12.15
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30
Sat. 7, 9.30

CHEN 5

E.T.
Tonight 9.45, 12.15
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

CINEMA ONE

HALFON HILL DOESN'T ANSWER
Tonight at 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DRIVE-IN

HALFON HILL DOESN'T ANSWER
Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

GAT

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
It'll lift you up where you belong
* RICHARD GERE
* DEBRA WINGER
Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

HOD

HERBIE GOES BANANAS
Fri. 10 p.m. FILM DU VOILEUR

HOV

THE EXECUTIONER'S SONG
Tonight 10, 12.15
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ISRAEL MUSEUM

THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LEV I

FINALS
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LEV II

A MARRIED COUPLE
Tonight and Tue. 9.45; Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7, 9.30

LIMOR

EMMANUELLE
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MAXIM

LE RETOUR DES PEBIDAFFES
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MOGABI

TOOTSIE
Tonight 10
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30
Sat. 7, 9.30

ONLY

AMERICAN GIGOLO
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PARIS

PASSION D'AMORE
Today 10 a.m.; 12 noon
Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4, 7.15, 9.30

PEER

FRANCES
* JESSICA LANGE
* SAMI SHEPARD
Tonight 10; Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

SHAHAF

THE LAST AMERICAN VIRGIN
Tonight 10, 12
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

STUDIO

MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TCHETET

THE EXECUTIONER'S SONG
Tonight 10, 12.15
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV

ALONE IN THE DARK
The year's biggest thriller!
* JACK PALANCE
* RONALD PEARSON
* MARTIN LANDAU
Tonight 10
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TZAVTA

DIVA
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

BATTLETRACK
* MICHAEL BECK
* ANNI MENERRO
Saturday 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

ARMON

THE SOLDIER
Saturday 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

ATZMON

LA BOUM II
Saturday 7, 9.15
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

CHEN

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
* RICHARD GERE
* DEBRA WINGER
Sat. 6.45, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

GALOR

THAT GIRL IS A TRAMP
10, 2, 4

HAIFA MUNICIPAL THEATRE

HOT CHAIRS
No performances June 27-30

MORIAH

ANNIE
The best musical comedy in 1983
* ELLEN QUINN
6.45, 9

ORAH

TOOTSIE
* JESSICA LANGE
winner of 1982 Oscar
4, 6.30, 9

ORION

THUNDER OF DESIRE
6.45, 9.15

ORLY

MERYL STREEP
Best Actress
Academy Award 1982
Golden Globe Award 1982

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN
Mat. 4.30, 7.30
Sat. 7.30, 9.30

SAVOY

THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY
Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

RAMAT HASHARON Cinemas

★ STAR
Fri. 9.30, Sat. and weekdays 7
GOLDFINGER

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE

Sat. 1.30 p.m., Tue. 9.30
ZABRISKIE POINT

SAT. 11 a.m.; Tue., Wed., Thur. 4

THE MURPHY MOVIE

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1983

ENTERTAINMENT

(Continued from page A)

JEWISH AND ARAB FOLKLORE — Zaharim folk dancers, folksingers, Khulifa drummers. (Y.M.C.A. Monday 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA — (Israel Centre, 10 Streus, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

REALITY SHOCK BAND — Pargod, today at 1.30; Lewis's, 22 Bay Vegan, tomorrow at 9 p.m.

REI'VEN AMSTERDAM — Fiddle and mandolin. Classical and folk music. (Zurba the Buddha, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

ONE-TIME ACT — Shimon Hiri Aha, Gidi Livni, Shimon Yedav, Meni Moshonov, Yoni Rechter (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 and midnight)

PANTHIME — Hanneh Rosennne. (Holon, Monday at 10)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — (Holon, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

WALKING TOURS

Sponsored by the Society for the Protection of Nature in Israel. Meeting place: Next to the escalator in front of the Jerusalem Central Bus Station. Please bring hat, sunscreen and walking shoes. Fee.

Sunday: En Gled, Nahal Kikar and train ride to Jerusalem — Meet: 11.40 a.m. Return to Jerusalem Railway Station by about 5.30 p.m.

Monday: Fortresses and springs of the Judean Hills — Meet: 8.30 a.m. Return to Jerusalem about 2.30 p.m.

Tuesday: From Har Gilo to Jerusalem — Meet: 8.00 a.m. Return to Jerusalem about 6.00 p.m.

FILMS IN BRIEF

ANNIE — The comics serial about the little orphan who conquers the heart of a hard-boiled millionaire and introduces some horse sense and kindness in his world. Has become first a stage musical and now a movie musical, replacing it with the glamour and cuteness of old Hollywood.

BORSALINO AND CO. — Continuation of "Borsalino" (1969) in which two young gangsters (Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo) take over the leadership of the Marcellus underworld in the early thirties. Short-ups, chases and nasty doings galore.

CANNERY ROW — A kind of mythical glorification of the simpler aspects of life by director Simon S. Ward. Beautiful camerawork by Sven Nykvist.

DINER — Remarkable performances by Steve Guttenberg, Daniel Stern, Mickey Rourke, Kevin Bacon and Timothy Daly in this comedy drama about five friends making the difficult transition into manhood. Screenplay and direction by Barry Levinson.

DIVA — This first feature film by director Jean-Jacques Beineix is a thriller — but also a feminist exploration of human nature. Impressively empathic, as long as you don't take it too seriously.

DODESKADEN — Akira Kurosawa's 13-year-old movie seems to be a strange combination of "The Seven Samurai" and "The Hidden Fortress" in a way that is both brilliant and tedious. The theme itself is unbearable and this is only to be found in an escape from reality. A most carefully orchestrated film.

THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT — An amazingly effective 17th-century thriller, to be read at a multitude of levels, with interpretation turning every imaginable field, from social history to theory of aesthetics. Directed by Peter Greenaway with Janet Suzman, Anthony Higgins and Anne Louise Lambert.

THE EXECUTIONER'S SONG — Lawrence Schiller's film based on Norman Mailer's bestseller documenting the life of Gary Gilmore, a young man who demanded that he be put to death, as ordered by the court of law that found him guilty of a double murder. An accurate account of the actual event.

THE SOLDIER — A fourth-rate Bond-like action movie, in which an omnipotent CIA agent (Ken Wahl) and his team, with the help of the Israeli Secret Service, overcome a KGB plan to sabotage 50 per cent of the world's oil resources, unless Israel withdraws from the West Bank.

SOPHIE'S CHOICE — Phyllis's film not only doesn't add any new dimensions to William Styron's novel, but also diminishes its impact by putting terrifying conceptions that should be beyond anyone's imagination into clear pictorial images.

TOOTSIE — Michael Dorsey (Dustin Hoffman) puts on a woman's dress, wig and a pair of high-heeled shoes — and succeeds in getting the part of a middle-aged female hospital administrator in TV soap. A most enjoyable comedy — possibly the best thing that ever happened to director Sydney Pollack.

THE VERDICT — Everyone who has ever rooted for the little man's struggle to overcome not only corruption, but the big machine defending it, is going to come smiling from Sidney Lumet's justice film.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

COUNTRYEYE — With Steve Tynler, Uffa, Hana, 8 Mazal Dagim, tonight at midnight; Monday at 9.30 p.m.

DANNY LITANI — (Dei Lesein, tomorrow at 11 p.m.)

JAZZ CELLAR — Amikam Kinneman, Eli Magen, Ilan Kahan, Alon Hillel and Danny Adler. (Reit Lesein, Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

JAZZ-ROCK — Ilan Mochuch, Norbert Linilberg, Ilan Kahan, and others. (Moadon Shabbat, Thursday at midnight)

ONE-TIME ACT — Shimon Hiri Aha, Gidi Livni, Shimon Yedav, Meni Moshonov, Yoni Rechter (Tzavta, tonight at 9.30 and midnight)

PANTHIME — Hanneh Rosennne. (Holon, Monday at 10)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — (Holon, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Other towns

APPLES OF GOLD — (Eilat, Moriah Hotel, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

ARIK LAVIE — (Petah Tikvah, Mofat, tonight at 9.40)

DRUNK WITH JOY — Yossi Benai in his new programme of song, satire and comedy. (Yagur, Wednesday)

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EASTRONICS remains the premier producer of jazz recordings in this country, in no small measure because it holds the rights to the prestigious Pablo and Creed Taylor labels. Happily, the firm has four fine titles out this month.

Pick of the week is "Satch" and "Josh." From that rather misleading title (explained on the sleeve) you'd never know this is a piano duo by Count Basie and Oscar Peterson. But what a perfect pairing this is! Discount the Count's big band and aficionados will recall that William Basie is a master minimalist at the keyboard. Matched with the easy embellishments of that old chord-changer Oscar Peterson, you have a pairing that makes eminent sense — and excellent music.

Most of the compositions are originals, with felicitous exceptions like Lester Young's "Lester Leaps In" and the Fielda-McHugh favorite, "Exactly Like You." In either case, what we hear in these mostly medium-tempo bops and blues are four hands in exquisite harmony, singing along and having an enormously good time. Perfectly pitched back-up by Ray Brown on bass, Freddie Green on guitar and Lou Bellson on drums makes this outing a classic set. The fact that it was recorded nearly a decade ago only means it was well worth the wait. If you're into jazz

Ivory tower

ROCK, ETC. / Madeline L. Kind

piano, you shouldn't be without this hot little item.

IF BASIE and Peterson delivered a package of tight harmony and unity, the title and credits on the sleeve of pianist Roland Hanna's new album seemed to threaten a grab-bag. Title is Gershwin Carmichael Cats, and credits list a baker's dozen of side-men, with one track offering a line-up of nine and another featuring only piano and bass.

Brush those fears aside; this is a splendid album too. First off, Hanna handles himself handsomely at every turn, and that baker's dozen includes the likes of Chet Baker (on "Skylark"), Larry Coryell (on three of the five tracks), bassists like Rufus Reid, Mike Richmond and Gary King, and Ronnie Coker on soprano sax.

The results are surprisingly satisfying. Hanna, for example, opens with that tired old "Star-dust," taking the standard solo attack, but then building upwards and onwards for nine minutes with rich Latin overloads and improvisations

inspired by the incomparable Coryell. "Skylark," with the addition of Baker's clean trumpet work, is a similarly inspired 7 1/2 minutes of well-integrated flights of musical fancy on a standard tune.

Side Two opens with a fairly straightforward if not outright commercial rendering of the "Theme from Cats" ("Memory," as made popular by Streisand). But inspiration returns with a brisk "The Nearness of You," with jazz Hanna, and George Mraz on bass and David Spinozza on guitar, followed by "Oh Boss, Where Is My Boss," with Coryell stepping back in, and closing out brilliantly with Hanna and bassist Mike Richmond doing "Embraceable You." Good show.

NOW FOR two rather different items by Ella Fitzgerald. Ella Abraza Jobim is the latest in creative producer Norman Granz' series of *Song Book* recordings. Having exhausted Cole Porter, the Gershwins, Duke Ellington, Rodgers and Hart, Irving Berlin, Harold Arlen, Jerome Kern, Johnny

Mercer, et al., Granz hit on Antonin Carlos Jobim. And who to vocalize but the ever-astonishing Ella? The lady, as we know, can handle anything meant to be sung, and yes, even if it's to be in Portuguese. A highlight comes toward the end, in the extended vocal riffs on "Useless Landscape." Far from useless is the orchestra, which includes Paulinho da Costa on percussion, Joe Pass on guitar, and other luminaries such as Clark Terry, Zoot Sims and Toots Thielemans.

Ella's other offering is on the first side of an album called *Digital III* at Montreux. After starting with "I Can't Get Started," the Basie band gives over to Ella, most notably for eight minutes worth of "Flying Home." Side two features Basie at piano and Pass on guitar. Material is from the seminal Montreux Festival of 1979, which has spun off numerous recordings with no end in sight.

EASTRONICS also deserves some credit for bringing out off-beat pop albums for which the market may be dubious, to say the least. First in this category is *Dansparec*, by Martha and the Muffins. The Muffins have made a fair amount of dough in their native Canada with previous albums, one of them even going gold, but this is the first one we've heard. Martha Johnson has a distinct and mature voice, and the Muffins supply competent accom-

paniment for songs that are often marked by arty titles ("Several Styles of Blonde Girls Dancing") or what are hoped to be rather hip lyrics ("The Boys in the Bushes," "What People Do for Fun"). None of that, however, overcomes the fact that this is, of all things, a rather good if conventional dance album. The last track, "Whatever Happened to Radio Valve Road," is an instrumental, which means in this case rather bad padding.

WHATEVER happened to Lou Reed? Well, the former Velvet Underground tried to revive his career a year or so ago with *The Blue Mask*, and that effort was not without interest. His latest, *Legend*, is a collection of his 17th album, and the boy is simply tired. His voice sounds like Leonard Cohen's on an off night — and you know that's off — his lyrics are uninspired, his melodies disposable, and even the guitar work of Robert Quine is boring. Lou tries to get it up for a big effort on "Home of the Brave," one of those going-to-hell-in-a-handbasket complaints, but it lacks both intelligence and feeling. The previous track says it succinctly: it's called "Bottoming Out." □

VISITS: Coming up soon are concerts around the country by Joe Cocker, Judy Collins, Manfred Mann, Rod Stewart and a whole lot of rumored others. Keep an eye out for the ads.

I DON'T share the native Israeli's enthusiasm for our local Chinese restaurants. I've tried them a few times and generally found that — like one or two other things in this country — they just aren't up to the Real Thing back in the Old Country (America). So I merely bother to go the chop-sticks route.

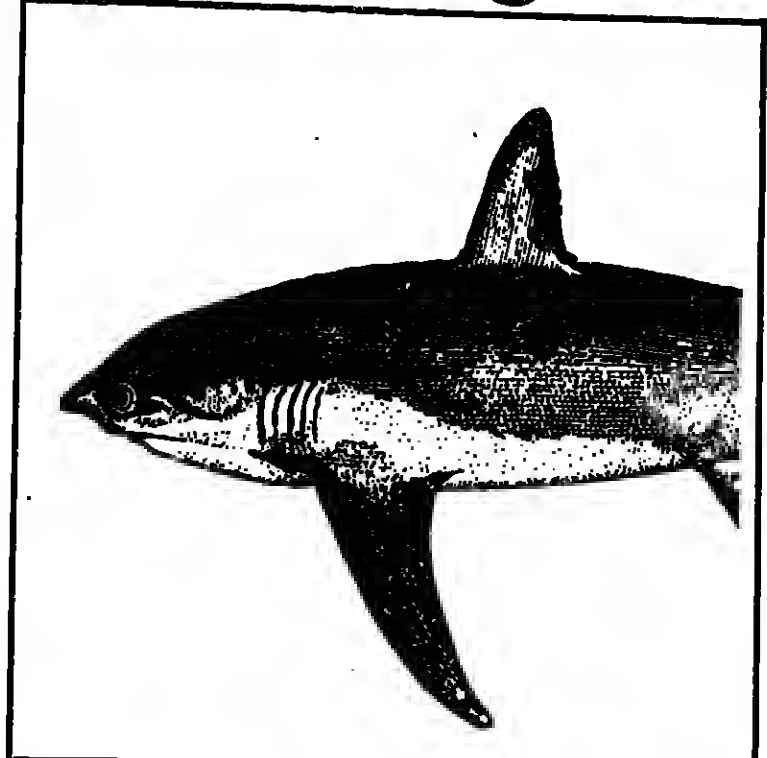
The sole exception to this is on the infrequent occasions when I am in Haifa. Years ago I stumbled on the Chin Lung up on the Carmel and found it highly satisfactory. A month or so ago I happened to be in Haifa again and found the restaurant still quite good.

Fellow Jerusalemites, however, are forever telling me that I needn't travel all the way to Haifa for pleasant Chinese cuisine. I remained doubtful, but when I admitted I hadn't sampled Chinese food in the capital for years, they insisted that I try what everyone agrees is the best of the many Chinese restaurants in Jerusalem. Besides, they said, unlike your place in Haifa, this one is kosher. Okay, I said, I'm willing to try.

Then I got the typical Israeli directions. "The restaurant, I was told, is called 'Chung Something-Or-Other' and you just go out Herzl Blvd, yashar yashar and it's by the petrol station."

Well, if you haven't guessed by now, I went about one yashar too many. Maybe it's because all Chinese restaurants look alike. Maybe it's because, apparently by Israeli law, all Chinese restaurants must be close to petrol stations. As I learned only later, my friends were talking about Chung Ching, which is at 122 Herzl Blvd., and which is indeed kosher. I, however, yashared

Wrong Chung Chow



MATTERS OF TASTE / Matthew Nesvsky

my way to Chung Hwa, which is at Herzl corner of Zangwill, at the entrance to Kiryat Yovel, and which, as I found as soon as I opened the menu, is clearly not kosher.

Still, the decor at Chung Hwa was pleasant, the air was filled with the happy hum of dining families and, in my case, once I am parked

at the trough I am not inclined to rise until I have taken on sufficient food. I had even more reason to stay put, although I did not learn this until later: the Chung Hwa is in fact owned by the same gentlemen who own the Chin Lung in Haifa which I like so much, as well as the Pagoda down by Haifa port. The Chung Hwa offers a

moderately priced but generous dinner-for-two which includes soup, eggroll, Chinese salad, beef and green peppers, duck with mushrooms and bamboo shoots, fried rice and dessert. But since the restaurant bills itself as Szechuan, I decided to test the temperature of its more fiery dishes.

I opened therefore with a "spicy ox-tail soup in flame pot," which proved to be a hearty broth rich in scallion and terminal bovine bits. This, however, was hardly what I would call spicy. Even Mrs. Companion agreed that it was bland. She in turn, reckless madcap that she is, ordered the shark's fin soup. This did not come complete with dark triangles poking up from the surface of the soup and ominously circling about inside the bowl, but was your basic egg-drop chicken stock, albeit with a delicate fishy flavor.

We followed with eggroll, which were exceedingly plump and nicely crisped. The main courses then arrived, though fully placed on candle-powered warming trays. My crisp pepper duck proved to be strips of the fowl compounded into a sort of schnitzel and delicately fried in butter. But again, unaccountably, I tasted not a trace of pepper. Surrounding the duck were some artistically carved vegetables, including a small whole tomato which had been origami-ed into a bird too beautiful to eat. I ate it, of course.

For her main course the lady had the beef and green pepper, a good Chinese restaurant standby. The beef was quite tender. Our accompanying dishes of rice were, well, rice.

Dessert offerings included

lychees, which I always avoid because I don't enjoy food that seems to look at me from my spoon. Instead I opted for the sliced mungo, which as expected was tinned but still refreshing. The madcap went for the flaming banana, another sort of thing I avoid (it frightens the horses).

But this was nicely done, and certainly hotter than anything else we had eaten. We closed with 20 or 30 of those tiny eye-cups of jasmine tea. The bill, including one beer, was \$12.40.

I AM TEMPTED here to give a recipe for shark's fin soup, but that would mean requiring readers either to go angling for vicious creatures off the coast of Eilat (Jews chasing Jews!) or to import the costly dried fins from Taiwan, as our local Chinese restaurants do, and thus worsening our balance of trade deficit. And especially because shark is not kosher, I shall present instead Mrs. Companion's formula for yummy beef and green peppers:

Slop a quarter-kilo of shredded beef around in a mixture of a tablespoon of soy sauce, a dash of dry wine, a teaspoon of corn starch and black pepper to taste. Then heat three tablespoons of oil in a frying pan and fry up six green peppers, which of course you have remembered to slice into thin strips. Toss in some salt, remove the peppers, and fry the beef in four tablespoons of oil. When the meat is well on its way, add the peppers, one tablespoon of soy sauce, and a dash of msg if you're into that sort of thing (many Chinese cooks are). Stir-fry for about two more minutes. Serve with, well, rice. □

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Sat. at 7:30 pm: *1900 — Part I*
9:30 pm: *1900 — Part II*
Sun. at 9 pm: *The Night of Yarenes*
Vittorio Scola

Mon. at 7 pm: *Tom Jones*
7:30 pm: *bi small hall Sheila Levine*
le Dead and Living in New York
9:30 pm: *The Witness*

Tues. at 4 pm: *Tom Thumb*
7 pm: *The Son of the Sheik*
9:30 pm: *Straw Dogs*

Wed. at 7 pm: *The Drowning Pool*
7:30 pm: *small hall Lady Windermere's Fan*
9:30 pm: *Memphis*

Thurs. at 7 pm: *Le Nati di Cabiria*
9:30 pm: *Coup de Torchon*
midnight: *The French Connection*
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Kadesh Barnes — at the Rockefeller Museum.
The Wonderful World of Paper — Peley Center.

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QI Lemp Section
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Vernante Tora Finials ("Tilonim"). From July 1.

EVENTS

CHILDREN'S FILM
Sun., June 28; Mon., June 27; Wed., June 29; Thurs., June 30 at 16.30
"THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY"
Fri., July 1 at 11.00
"TOM SAWYER" based on Mark Twain's classic

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BILLY ROSE SCULPTURE GARDEN: Sun., Thurs. 10.00 to sunset; Fri., Sat. & holidays 10.00 to 14.00
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LAWRENCE SCHILLER'S *The Executioner's Song* is based on the Norman Mailer bestseller documenting the last nine months in the life of Gary Gilmore, a young man who demanded that he be put to death, as ordered by the court of law that found him guilty of a senseless double murder. He rejected any help by concerned organizations, refused any suggestion of a plea for a pardon, and was eventually executed. Meanwhile, he had already become a world media hero, for some, he was a symbol of an era. In retrospect, one wonders whether this whole carnival, which transformed an anonymous brute from the backlands into a front-page celebrity did not have something to do with his stubborn request to be executed by shooting, which was extraordinary enough to fascinate the average homo sapiens, well known for his aspiration to eternal life.

The case raised many moral, social and ethical questions, not to mention the religious ones, and Mailer didn't miss much in his book, which, as often happens with him, was more interesting for his comments on the events he was reporting than for his description of the events themselves. Indeed, he did not witness them himself, but was only told them later.

Gilmore, who was very much involved in all aspects of the image he wished to be projected to the world, was the one to give approval for the sale of the film rights in his story to Lawrence Schiller, who convinced the convicted man and his lawyers that he would pay more attention to the details of story than any of the big film studios and TV networks with whom he was competing. It was through Schiller that Mailer heard the story. He then wrote the book and prepared the script for a four-hour TV mini-series, from which the present feature film has been fashioned.

PRESENTING IT in Berlin this winter, Schiller, who produced and directed it, tried to argue that, unlike other movies made from a TV series, this is no chopped-up version of the original (as was *Shogun*, for example), but a self-contained, absolutely independent film, conceived as such right from the beginning.

Some sequences from the TV version are, of course, omitted from the movie, but there are others that were never shown on the box — to wit, some torrid love scenes between Tommy Lee Jones, who plays Gilmore, and Rosanna Arquette.

Judging from the version we are seeing here, Schiller's declarations sound less than convincing, to say the least. So many characters pop up on the screen and then disappear, without rhyme or reason, that one can only believe either that the distributor has used his scissors to reduce the film to a normal running time (in Berlin, this was given as 130 minutes; in Tel Aviv it seemed to me about 120), or that Schiller was oversteering his product by attributing to it qualities it simply lacks. The religious nut who works in the shop owned by Gilmore's uncle, the young, lustful sister of Gilmore's sweetheart, her mother, Gilmore's own parents, referred to once but never seen — all these are tantalizing details that are never properly elucidated.

Also, completely absent from the film version is the original, personal and very opinionated attitude of Mailer, the reporter. The story is told in a straightforward way, too frills and no thrills, with a rather un-

A way of death



Arquette ... torrid love scenes.

CINEMA/Dan Fainaru

even result. The first half follows the actions of Gary Gilmore, who having spent more than half of his 36 years in jail, for various crimes, including armed robbery, is released into the custody of his cousin. As far as it goes, it is almost a typical hillbilly story of the youth from the wrong side of the tracks, forever foiling to cross over to the other side. All this using as a background a small midwestern town with its nice, but not too nice people. The best part here is Gilmore's effort to establish some sort of valid emotional relations with a woman, something he could never experience before, given his short spells outside prison.

FROM THE MOMENT he commits the two murders and is put in jail, a second, richer and more promising vein is opened, with Gilmore facing the world in his new intransigent pose, unmaking his family and his lawyers with his determination to have society perform a murder with himself as the victim, all in the name of the law.

To use two of the phrases concocted by Mailer and Schiller for their numerous interviews, the film is supposed to show, among other things, that "what we call a decent society is a fragile thing at best", and that it is "a story about a subculture, about the underbelly of one part of America, with Gary Gilmore as the window."

Maybe. But then the making of the film could be another story of an American subculture, with Lawrence Schiller as a window. For, like it or not, there is something ghoulish in the idea of rushing to the Utah state prison to sign up a condemned man for the rights to his story, and persuade him and his entourage that you are the best person in the world to immortalize his last breath. True, Schiller wasn't the only one (among the bidders there was also the venerable figure of David Suskind), but this is exactly where one particular incident degenerates into an aspect of an entire subculture, that of providing entertainment for the masses, at any cost, whatever the moral price.

Also, Schiller has a reputation for making death pay a nice profit. Some of his credits point to his specialization in this domain. He was the one to record Jack Ruby in his last hours. He got on national TV with an interview with Susan Atkins, of the infamous Manson gang. He commissioned Norman Mailer (it was their first venture together) to write the text for an album of Marilyn Monroe photographs. All this may be accidental, but it is rather uneasy to find the same person exploiting so many real-life tragedies.

Interestingly enough, Mailer's "real-life novel" (which won him a Pulitzer prize), touched on this topic, but his script, or maybe Schiller's treatment, toned the whole thing down.

Schiller is still up there on the screen, thinly disguised as one Larry Samuels, a TV producer, played by Steven Keats (whom you may remember, without the beard, in *Hester Street*). This Samuels doubles in some wheeling and dealing to get the rights from Gilmore; but he is presented as a very nice and sensitive guy.

WHAT REMAINS on the screen is an accurate and probably pretty honest account of the actual event, as verified by some of the people who had lived through it (some of them even play themselves). Only on one level does the film transcend the facts and reach for something more profound, and that is in the love affair between Gilmore and Nicole, a typical product of the subculture Schiller was talking about. Barely out of her teens, with two children from different fathers, Nicole is a drifter who has experienced every imaginable kind of sexual relationship, and yet is a total emotional virgin. The contact between these two mained personalities grows gradually from a groping, tentative dependency to desperate clinging, particularly by Gilmore. He is completely sheltered when Nicole, scared out of her wits by his possessiveness, runs away from him. It is this that triggers the explosion of needless stupid violence that is his undoing. Here, one has to give credit to both Tommy Lee Jones and Rosanna Arquette. Jones, who would like to be a new version of the young Brando but doesn't really come up to it, does a commendable job in a most difficult role; he has to go through much of the first part of the film in an almost catatonic stupor, and yet make the audience aware of the wild emotions boiling up inside him. The same goes for Arquette, who may be just too pretty for the part, but doesn't let that hinder her performance. In the second part, after Gilmore is imprisoned and she comes back to visit him, their passionate embrace under the watchful eye of the guards, their decision to terminate their lives together and their commitment to their mad love, rings more true than anything else in the film, probably because it goes deeper than anything else.

Beyond that, all the other problems mentioned or omitted by Schiller or Mailer in their interviews are only skimmed here, moved in procession down the broad path that skirts the wall. Schiller didn't confine her invention to the wall. Plastic white heads were ornaments for the scene, adornments for the dancers, who, covering their faces with part of their black tunics, held those other faces aloft and became taller beings placing them between their knees, they created sphinxes.



Pamela Sharni performing a solo she choreographed herself.

Wall flower

DANCE / Dora Sowden

FOR MOST of us a wall is a wall is a wall. For Rina Schenfeld it is an inspiration for dance design. On June 14 she used the long, high, beautiful wall of Yad Lebanim in Tel Aviv with some stunning results.

It wasn't her first encounter with a wall. She did something solo at the Israel Museum for *Seven Faces of a Garden* two years ago. This time she ranged 17 members of her Dance Workshop in a 75-minute show justifying the name *Sculpted on a Wall*.

They pressed against it, rolled their bodies along it. They supported themselves on their arms and "walked" on it. They ran, marched, carried out little ceremonies, moved in procession down the broad path that skirts the wall.

White cubes also served many purposes and one might have said that nothing like it had been seen here before — except that there were echoes of Ploboius in the way some bodies made patterns together, and of Mummenschanz when the cubes were used for heads and a stretchy garment for animal shapes. Yet most of it was refreshingly original, even though not everything was equally interesting.

Beat was provided mostly from Laurie Anderson's "Big Science," in which a pleasant voice made inane remarks. Some silly moves were made to this sound; but when the dancers jazzed to it, they did it with aplomb and style.

Not so good was the use made of Schubert's Impromptu Opus 90 No 4. The incongruity of sweet music and angular movement just didn't work.

In sum, however, it was a surprising piece of dance composition and a fertile marshalling of force.

THE "MARATHON" of New

Dance" films prepared by David Eden, director of Tel Aviv's Dance Library will stretch over five nights at the city's Cinematheque from July 10 to 14.

For this, noted American critic Marla Siegel will make personal appearances every night to explain "New Dance" and the 40 films she has selected. She has given similar lectures in New York and other centres.

Eden points out that as the films are on loan, the occasion is unique. He has been asked to prepare a similar programme for the Paris Cinematheque next summer.

Siegel will also lecture at the Jerusalem Cinematheque before the Tel Aviv Marathon — on July 8 and 9; and after the "Siegel nights," the American Cultural Centre in Tel Aviv will hold a "New Dance Week" of video films, starting on July 19. The Jerusalem Cinematheque will show videotapes on July 11 and 13 and the Herta Museum on July 17 — all on "New Dance."

CAROL TETEN is here from the U.S. for two weeks to give classes on social dance at the Hebrew University, the Rubin Academy and some schools in Jerusalem. At the Academy on June 16 she demonstrated and taught the dances of the 1920s with an energy and expertise that evoked empathy in the students. "These are not dances for introverts. Let go!" she said.

It is her third visit since, after her marriage 16 years ago (she still looks 20-something), she left Israel, where she had been giving classes at the Hebrew University for five years. Now she is professor of dance at Dominican College in the San Francisco Bay area and runs her own company called "Dance Thru Time."

In fact, Teten is a dance historian who specializes in the practice and research of "any type of dance that is out of date." Here, she showed what she called "the crazy animal dances": Foxtrot, Turkey Trot, Grizzly Bear, Chicken Scratch, Cattle Walk, Shimmy, Charleston and Black Bottom. They all seemed ripe for revival, and Teten should surely be asked to come and give a whole course.

AMOS HETZ'S group for "motion and notation" gave a display of techniques at Jerusalem's International Cultural Centre for Youth on June 12. No doubt stimulating for the performers, for one watcher (be it confessed) the constant ticking of a metronome while the four dancers moved smoothly, barefooted and soundless, was soporific.

The two men and two women sustained swinging rhythms which the metronome did not fracture but from which it removed the impact. Hetz himself participated in every "suite" — a test of stamina.

PAMELA SHARNI'S *Stx Dances* in the Tel Aviv Museum on June 20 was her most extensive choreographic programme — with live music throughout. Eight dancers of Botshava II appeared in her *Gan Anashim* and four in a work specially created for the company. She herself danced four solos, one of which, originally performed at last year's Israel Festival, was presented in the foyer of the museum.

Sharni left Botshava two years ago and has since been devoting herself to her own choreography. She teaches in Ariel Kalev's Movement Centre in Herzliya and flies up to Kiryat Shmona once a week to teach at the Beit Edelstein Community Centre.

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All's well that ends well

THE BEGINNING may be rocky, but a hand isn't over until the last trick is played. That's what declarer found out on today's first deal, when he "discovered" the winning end play only at Trick 11.



hand, with the lead in dummy. This was the position.

North
♠ J 10 7
♥ A Q 10 7 4
♦ 6
♣ A J 19 5

West
♠ 5 4 3
♥ 8 6
♦ Q 10 9 4 3 2
♣ 8 4

East
♠ K Q 9 6
♥ 2
♦ K J 8 7 5
♣ 10 7 2

South
♠ A 8 2
♥ K J 9 5 3
♦ A
♣ K Q 6 3

The bidding

South	West	North	East
1♥	Pass	4♣	Pass
4♥	Pass	5♣	Pass
6♥	Pass	Pass	Pass

The bidding needs some explanation. North's four-diamond call was a Swiss splinter, showing a good trump fit, a singleton or a void in the diamond suit, and at least one ace in a hand which was the equivalent of an opening bid. South's four-spade bid was a conventional relay, asking for clarification from partner. North had to reply by steps. Four no-trump, the first step, would indicate a singleton diamond and one ace. Five clubs, the second step, marked

BRIDGE

Hanan Sher

him with a singleton diamond and two aces. And five diamonds and five hearts, indicated respectively, a diamond void and one or two aces. The opening lead was a small spade, won by South's ace. He now drew trumps, cashed all the clubs and ran his trumps until he had three spades and one heart in each

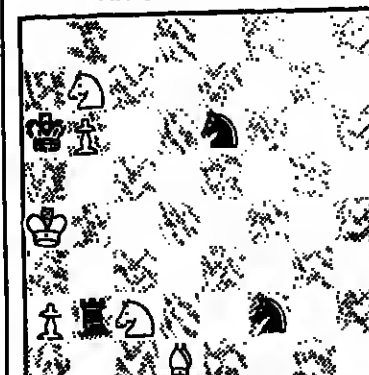
Now declarer played the spade jack from dummy, intending to let it run to West's imagined honour. West would then have to lead a diamond, giving South a ruff-and-discard play to get rid of his spade loser, or lead a spade. Then South would insert the spade eight, "finessing" against the supposed nine in the West hand.

But East covered the jack with the ten. South was about to "cover an honour with an honour" by playing his ace, when he stopped to think. Why would East cover? Could it be from queen-small? Or was it more likely that he held the king-queen-nine and had to cover? The last case seemed most likely, so South refused the instinctive play and put a small spade on the queen. Now East was end-played, forced to lead away from his king-nine, and South made the contract. □

CHESSE

Elihu Shahaf

Problem No. 3126
YEHUDA HOCH, Petah Tikva
Specially Composed for
The Jerusalem Post



White to play and draw (6-4)
SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3124 (Platov). 1.Rb5 Ka7 2.Rb7! Ka6 3.Rb3 e2 4.Re3 e1 Q 5.Re6! Qe6 - stalemate.

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP
PASADENA WILL host the semi-final world championship candidates' match between Garry Kasparov and Viktor Korchnoi, scheduled to start at the end of July. The second semi-final match, between Vassily Smyslov and Zoltan Ribli, will be in the United Arab Emirates. The UAE was the only candidate to stage this match, while there were a number of countries interested in the Kasparov-Korchnoi match.

The two semi-final matches for women will be held in the Soviet Union, as all four participants are Soviet players.

USSR WINS CORRESPONDENCE CHAMPIONSHIP

THE USSR Correspondence Team won the sixth World Team Correspondence Championship (1977-1983) with a score of 46½ out of a possible 72. Despite the poor showing of Jacob Estrin, who managed only 3-4, the other boards took up the slack, particularly their third board Avraham Klusim, who won 11-1. The World Team Correspondence Championship was inaugurated in 1958. The USSR has won first place five times. The only other country to claim first was Hungary.

Final results: USSR 46½; Hungary 44; England 41½; Holland 38; Bulgaria 37½; Yugoslavia 36; Sweden 35; Czechoslovakia 34½; Norway 33½; East Germany 33½; Denmark 32½; Poland 31; US 23½ points.

BENT LARSEN, now residing in Argentina, won the Paulin Friedman Memorial Tournament. Runner-up was Argentine's Oscar Panno. Miguel Najdorf, who organized the event, scored 5½ points out of 11 games.

CORRESPONDENCE CHAMPIONSHIP

KHASIN (USSR) PREO (USA)
1.e4 Nf6 2.e5 Nd5 3.d4 d6 4.Nf3 g6 5.Bc4 c6 6.0-0 Bg4 7.d5 Qd6 8.Re1 Bg7 9.Bg5 e6 10.Nbd2 Nd7 11.Ne4 Qe7 12.h3! Bf3 13.Qf3 Qd4 14.Rad1 b5 15.Bb3 N7b6? 16.e3 a5 17.h4 h6 18.Bc1 Nd7 19.h5 g5 20.Ng5! h5 21.Bg5 Rf8 22.h6 f6 23.Bd5 c5 24.Bf4 Qe6 25.Qg3 Re7 26.Bd6 R7 27.Re6 R8 28.Rd6 f5 29.Rg6. Black resigns. □

Aleppo adventure

TELEREVIEW/Phillip Gillon

SEVERAL PEOPLE, whose opinions I value highly, have accused me angrily in the street, demanding an explanation of why I have not yet written at length about *Michel Ezra Safran and Sons*. Since attack is the best method of defence, especially in Israel, I naturally draw myself up to my full height and ask in fury how it is that they do not remember that I have already written at length about *Michel* — as recently as April 24, 1981, when I saw a pilot project of the film.

My onslaught reduces them to a sulkily silence. Nevertheless, I must admit that they have a point: it is possible that not everybody remembers every word I wrote 26 months ago. This problem of having written something about something on some previous occasion poses one of the biggest bugbears a writer has to face. Aldous Huxley stressed that the greatest danger is not that one may plagiarize another author, but that one may plagiarize oneself, and so become a bore. For a critic, there is the added problem that he may contradict completely some strong and well-reasoned criticism he expressed in a prior review.

P.G. Wodehouse's Bertie Wooster, when reporting a new Jewee's adventure involving characters and incidents from earlier books, admitted that he was baffled: should he provide a long outline of the past for new readers, thereby inducing ennui in those all too familiar with the past? John le Carré, as I mentioned a couple of weeks ago, assumes that we have total knowledge and total recall. On the other hand, Gershon Agron, founder and first editor of *The Jerusalem Post*, used to admonish us that we should always remember that nothing is as dead as yesterday's paper, and that we must assume that every reader is a new one. What was good enough for Gershon must obviously be good enough for me.

This lengthy prelude is by way of an apology to those readers who have done their homework well and remember every word I wrote about *Michel*. May I suggest that they jump to the next asterisk, or even turn the page to see what Dan Fainaru has to say about the cinema? In passing, may I add that there is not the slightest danger of my contradicting myself, because I have taken the precaution of looking up that old review in *The Post* archives.

I WROTE THEN, and think now, that the serial is excellent, outstanding, a model of the kind of film that Israel Television should be making. I said that the pilot project was so promising that there should be no hesitation in going ahead with the production of a full-scale serial. It would be arrogant to assume that they acted on my advice, but, by coincidence, they did do what I wanted.

In particular, I wrote how thrilled I was by the reconstruction of the lives of upper-class Syrian Jews, whom I had glimpsed during a short visit to Damascus during World War II.

The high expectations inspired by the pilot project of *Michel* have been amply fulfilled by the episodes we have so far seen. Author Amnon Shamoosh, scriptwriter-cum-director,

Nissim Dayan, producer Yossi Meshulam and cameraman Shraga Merhav have done a wonderful job in creating upper-class Jewish life in Aleppo in the Thirties and Forties. The film is completely convincing. It must have been a great help that both Shamoosh and Dayan were born in Aleppo. Admittedly, the film was actually shot in the old city of Acre, but it looks, sounds and even smells more like Aleppo than the real Aleppo ever could, if transposed into film.

How perfectly they have reconstructed the milieu of those rich Syrian Jews! We tend to think that all Jews living in the Middle East in that period dwelt in dire poverty and dark illiteracy in the *mellah*. In fact, the Levant provided many of these Jews not only with great, flourishing businesses, but also with access to French twentieth century culture.

Europe was as much a part of their lives as the Orient. It was the easiest thing in the world to establish a son in Paris or to send a daughter to Switzerland. One remarkable scene in the first episode shows the women playing rummy — gossiping, eating cakes and throwing in French phrases as if they were in Paris.

Michel is doing a great service to the Sephardi Jews of Israel, because it smashes many stereotypes. We are accustomed to the defenders of the Oriental Jews talking about the vast cultural contribution to Judaism — indeed, to humanity — of the Sephardim of the Golden Age. But that was many centuries ago: the corollary of this defence is the assumption that, after the Golden Age ended, the Sephardi Jews entered a sort of twilight zone, from which they only emerged when they immigrated to Israel. This, of course, is absolute nonsense.

Another point is made strongly by *Michel*. Although the Aleppo Jews managed to be both observant Jews and products of French culture, they were also very Arab in their ways, with their fezzes and narghiles and walking-sticks. We Jews are really a nation of chameleons. We adopt the customs, clothes, pastimes and eating habits of the peoples among whom we dwell in the Diaspora. We even somehow acquire their skin colouration and physical characteristics.

A FRIEND of mine, who grew up in Haifa before the War of Independence and was very friendly with girls from rich Arab families there, told me that those Arabs were very like the Ezra Safrans of Aleppo. They, too, had strong links with Europe, particularly France and Switzerland; famous capitals were their shopping malls, cultural centres and playgrounds. The Palestinian Arabs have suffered, just like the Sephardi Jews, by the application to them of stereotypes; the assumption that they were all uneducated *jellahin*.

So far, I have concentrated on how well the milieu of the Syrian Jews in the good days was done. This, of course, just supplies the background to the drama of the Ezra Safran family as historical developments change their lives. The presentation of the story is not as flawless, and at times the direction and acting slip. But this happens in almost every television film

and serial. Judged only on its story level, *Michel* is far more fascinating and enthralling than almost all imported serials.

The family is hardly a lovable one. Papa is a nauseating and peevish bully, a monster using his patriarchal position and his purse to dominate everybody around him. In business he is a crook, victimizing the Arabs he despises. In fact, he is exactly like many a fictional Jewish father in novels and films about Chicago or Montreal, New York or London. We must thank Freud for breaking the social power of the father and Marx for undercutting his economic base. I hope that father figures in Sephardi families have been as reduced as their Ashkenazi equivalents.

Makram Khoury, a Christian Arab from Haifa, acts the part of this misty bit of work with great skill and assurance, as if to the manner born. Yet we have met him before, playing the role of a bumbling but lovable clown in Shaite Ophir's painless course in Arabic. Khoury is a very versatile actor indeed.

Lilith Nager, as Momma Linda, is a dream. She does everything just right, from her Scotchman's international phone calls to her relationships with the family and servants. Her trick is to phone person-to-person when you know the party of the second part is out.) I trust that the serial will not lose its charm and originality when it abandons Aleppo completely. And I very much hope that Israel Television will be so emboldened by this remarkable success that they will produce serial after serial.

THE BBC DRAMA, *Murder Rap*, which we saw on Sunday night, got off to a very unpromising start, but ended up as a really rare and subtle film. The phrase "poor start" is perhaps misleading, because the introductory section dragged on so long that many viewers may have been tempted to give it up, and to switch over to Jordan, or to use their videos. I hope they did not, because, if they did, they missed something really outstanding.

The turning-point comes when Wally, a penniless thrown out of his home to make way for Bengalis, goes half off his head after having to shoot his beloved Alsation dog. He shoots a complete stranger, a West Indian who is polishing a Rolls. The West Indian recovers, but Wally is charged with attempted murder. Up to the point of the shooting, the film seemed to be a very commonplace drama-documentary, with direction and acting down to standard. But writer Michael Hastings gave his drama a very unusual twist by having the West Indian visit Wally in prison before and after his conviction. It emerges that the West Indian did not own the Rolls, he was only a chauffeur, and that he lost his job because his employer objected to the publicity following the trial. He forces Wally to dig deep inside himself in search of understanding. The acting and direction change from the humdrum to the superb. The moral is that we viewers must hang in there, and not give up on any film.

Another outstanding show was *Through Roses*, on Monday night, a production for one actor and nine musicians by the modern American composer Marc Nickrug. It interpreted what was going on in the imagination of a musician who had been forced to perform in an extermination camp during the Holocaust. The photography was as great as the music, and the cumulative effect was eerie and spine-chilling. □

This Week in Israel-The Leading TEL AVIV MUSEUMS

Beth Hatefutsoth

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Events
1. Screening of the film "Next Stop Greenwich Village". A film by Paul Mazurski which describes the life of a young Jew among the bohemians of Greenwich Village. (In cooperation with the Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel). Introductory lecture (in English): Dr. Robert Rockaway. Starring: Lenny Baker, Sholley Winters, Mike Kisin.
Tuesday, June 28, 1983 at 8 pm.
Admission: IS 90 - for members of Friend Association, IS 120 - for non members.

Jewish Cinematheque
Screening of the film "La Grand Pardon". The story of a Jewish family from North Africa and its struggle for power in the Paris underworld. Director: Alexandre Arkady. Starring: Jean Louis Trintignant, Roger Hanin. The film is in French with English and Hebrew subtitles.
The film will be screened on the following days:
Sun., June 28 at 6 pm; Mon., June 27 at 8:30 pm; Tues., June 28 at 5 pm; Thurs., June 30 at 8:30 pm.
Admission fees: IS 90 for members of Friend Association, IS 120 for non members.
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this week in Israel

KASTEL COMMUNICATIONS turned 13 this week and threw a bar-mitzva party to celebrate the fact that the film/television/video company has not only come of age but gone international in the process.

Both Micha Shagrir and Dan Araz, who manage the company, admit that in the past few years they have been so busy brainstorming and implementing projects that neither has had time to notice what was happening.

"I suddenly realized that our turnover had gone from \$200,000 in 1980, to \$600,000 in 1981, to over \$1.3m. in 1982," says Shagrir. "And 1984-5 will be bigger still."

Shagrir, a former Israel Radio employee, founded Kastel Films in 1970 with Araz, then a producer with Yigal Elrali's Israel Film Service. The initial idea was to recover the money Shagrir had lost on *Scouts*, a 1966 feature film he directed about four IDF soldiers who encounter a Palestinian. Although they prefer "software" (making films), four years later they set up the Jerusalem Communications Centre and moved into "hardware" (equipment).

With the help of a government loan and grant, JCC imported sophisticated film and video equipment and began to service some of the many foreign networks which set up shop in Jerusalem after the Sadat visit. To get maximum use from the expensive, imported hardware, Kastel went back into software, making documentaries and special programmes for television.

The limited market in Israel made them look abroad. At the various international TV markets, such as the one held annually in Cannes just before the film festival, Shagrir and Araz discovered what many Israeli producers are only now beginning to understand — that the name of the game is not making specials, but series.

Buyers, who come to the TV markets from all over the world, are looking for products to fill untold hours of programming each season. A seller with a series which a station or network can plug into a time slot for a consecutive number of weeks is much more likely to close a deal than a seller who has just one "special" or documentary, no matter how excellent the quality or unusual the subject matter.

TO MAKE that leap forward into the "big time," Kastel re-organized in 1980, going into partnership with Incobu, a Tel Aviv-based company whose interests include printing, publishing and other communications-oriented projects. Kastel became Kastel Communications, an umbrella organization with distinct subdivisions for financing, distributing, producing and providing production services.

The first fruits of the expansion were two TV series: *The First Christian* is a six-part drama co-produced with Thames TV and Britain's Channel Four; *The Prophets* is a dramatic series made in cooperation with the Christian Broadcasting Network and seven 50-minute episodes.

Kastel followed with two series on the Crusaders. One, which consists of 13 episodes, presents the phenomenon in the form of a documentary. The other is made up of nine 90-minute segments, each devoted to a different character such as Saladin or Richard the Lionheart. Co-producing with Kastel are French, Italian and German companies.

Moving in yet another direction, Kastel has signed a contract with Antenna 2, France's second chan-

Great leap forward



Kastel's Micha Shagrir (left) and Dan Araz... enjoying the fruits of expansion.

nel, to co-produce a series about how the West discovered Japan.

"This was purely a financial deal," explains Shagrir. "We supply the crew, in return for which we get the rights to distribute the programme in the U.S. We are more interested in projects specifically related to Israel. But if Israeli crews prove that they are good, as the Italians did years ago, there is no limit to the amount of work we can do in Europe."

FOR SHAGRIR the test case is not the Antenna 2 co-production, but a feature film he plans to do this year with the Sokolov Company of New York. The \$4.5m. joint venture, *Silver and Gold*, is the story of a young Jew from New York who, before inheriting his father's company, wants to spend two years having a good time. He joins a professional basketball team in the South of France and ends up in Israel playing against Maccabi Tel Aviv. Kastel will handle all production on this side of the Atlantic.

Silver and Gold is one of four features Kastel will produce or co-produce this year, all based on lessons the company learned from this year's project, *Stigma*, which failed commercially.

"We concluded that the script was not professional enough, that our budget was too limited, and that we were dealing with subject matter so local that when the Israelis didn't like the movie, we had no place else to go with it," said Shagrir.

"So we went through the hundreds of ideas that came our way and came up with four. The *Silver and Gold* project, a feature about the boats of Cherbourg, to be co-produced with French TV and directed by Eli Cohen, who has many documentaries and dramas to his credit. Another is the horror story that director Dan Wolman has been working on for several years and never had the financing to finish. The fourth will be entirely Israeli."

Beyond that, Kastel produces *Tele-Israel*, a three-hour weekly bloc of U.S. programming that is transmitted on SPN, Manhattan Cable and Group W networks. Among the programmes are: *Hello Jerusalem*, finally breaking even

BETWEEN ACTS

Joan Borsten

financially, and the *Stinke Dintz Show*, an interview programme moderated by the former ambassador which is seen on 30 American stations each week.

DAN ARAZI's side of Kastel provides services to the electronic news media and foreign film and TV companies, bringing in about 50 per cent of the company's annual turnover. Araz, who three years ago "didn't know what a video editing room looked like," now oversees eight — which makes JCC the largest video operation in Israel — and a newly-acquired mobile unit.

"The European and U.S. networks based here, among them CNN and now Metromedia, keep us busy, but we don't want to put all our eggs in the news basket," says Araz. "So we offer production services to non-news organizations as well. One of our departments specializes in industrial films, which until now we've made for Israel's high-tech companies, but will now start doing for major U.S. companies as well who think we're good and like our prices."

Another field Araz has expanded is sub-titling and dubbing. That market opened up when a flood of video cassettes arrived from Turkey, India, Egypt and the Orient which had to be sub-titled in Arabic and Hebrew. The company became so proficient that it was able to move into scientific translation, drawing on the country's reservoir of linguists — "we have immigrants from so many countries that we could dub in almost any language," says Araz. Today the U.S.'s largest cable station is one of their clients, and Kastel is busy sub-titling 800 hours of TV films for broadcast in countries other than Israel.

THE LOCAL video boom, which has resulted in approximately one-third of Israeli households acquiring home-viewing equipment, may have signed the death warrant for 25 per cent of the country's 200 cinemas. Gabi Megrabi chairman of the

Cinema Owners Association, predicted that if the downward trend in ticket sales continues, 50 cinema houses may close this year, most of them in development towns, and suburbs of Tel Aviv such as Bat Yam, Helon and Ramat Gan. Megrabi estimates that only 10 to 12 million tickets will be sold this year, as regional cable TV is also expected to be introduced.

In the year since Israelis began buying video in a big way, 200,000 sets have been purchased legally, said Eli Gelfand, former chairman of the Distributors Association. Another 70,000 to 100,000 have been smuggled in from Lebanon. And a further 200,000 are expected to be bought in the next two years. Competition among the many companies selling here is so fierce that to introduce the Beta-Max system (most sets here are NTSC), Sanyo initially offered buyers a free trip to Europe.

"Today movies are either big hits or total failures," said Megrabi, whose theatre, the Mograbi, is playing *Tootsie*, one of the only two block-busters currently showing in Tel Aviv's 30 houses (the other is *Officer and a Gentleman*).

"Because a video is such a major investment, the public stays home to justify the outlay — and to avoid the additional expense of buying movie tickets for the whole family."

Mograbi added that Israel may well follow Norway's example: There, approximately 80 per cent of the cinemas are owned and run by the local municipalities.

A MORE optimistic view was expressed by Muki Greidinger, the 30-year-old manager of the Israel Theatres, which, with 15 cinemas, is the country's largest chain. Greidinger believes that the only way to woo the public out of their armchairs is to refurbish local cinemas. Greidinger also believes that, when possible, large halls should be converted into multi-theatre complexes.

He pioneered this concept locally with Tel Aviv's five-in-one Rav Chen, which opened in March 1982. In its first year of existence, the elegant 1,300-seat complex sold one million tickets — one out of 15 of all tickets sold nationally.

Greidinger has just about completed work on the Gat, which he did not divide but did upgrade to the level of the Chen. He has recently contracted to build a four-in-one complex in an American-style shopping centre to be constructed in Ramat Gan, and two in Hufsa. And he has also renovated most of the theatres either owned or leased by the chain, updating their equipment in the process.

Dalir Shapira, a dynamic young distributor who owns the North (Kulhoo Zufun), agrees with Greidinger, but insists its easier said than done. She planned to convert her 20-year-old theatre into a two-in-one complex, appropriate for showing some of the small art films (among them *Diva*) she regularly imports. But the Tel Aviv municipality is expected to veto Shapira's request in the coming days because permits are available only to cinema owners who can also provide parking facilities of a size not required years ago. Shapira says that her theatre is located in a part of Tel Aviv where it is neither economically nor logistically feasible.

SINCE WE mentioned last week that the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith has begun to focus more of its documentary film-making efforts on Israel, the organization has won two Emmy awards (the American TV industry's equivalent of Oscar). Both went to *Zubin and the IPO*, produced by Sam Elfert and narrated and written by Arnold Fenster.

One was for outstanding programme achievement in the performing arts, and the other went to Zubin Mehta for an "outstanding achievement in the performing arts" — performer category.

THE INTENSIVE Care Unit musical group will perform at the Dan Cinema on June 28. Their record, released by CBS, is new on sale, as is that of Kik, which will be at the Dan on June 23, recently appeared on TV's *Od Lahl* singing "All the Truth."

Tomorrow night, Benzen and Tislan will both perform at the Hayarkon Park's Wehl Amphitheatre, and rumor has it that once the two rock groups perform their own hits, they will sing a few numbers together. Two months ago they recorded *Let's Make Together* for the second channel's *Live Wire* programmes.

APOLOGIES to Andrzej Wajda. It was apparently not clear in last week's article on distributor Nizhonn Gild that *Men of Marble*, while not a critical success in Israel, enjoyed a respectable run at the Tel Aviv Museum.

Michal Yudelman adds: AFTER A FOUR-YEAR break from recording, singer Joe Cocker is continuing his recent comeback with a series of performances in Israel during the first week of July. And early reports indicate that tickets for his shows will be extremely hard to obtain.

Cocker is by far the best blues/soul singer to come from Britain, and while his stage style has been described as that of a falling epileptic human windmill, his singing is most frequently compared to that of Ray Charles.

Last year, Cocker released his latest album *Sheffield Steel*, and this year his distinctive voice has returned with the giant hit *Up Where We Belong*, theme song for the movie *Officer and a Gentleman*. He is joined in this song by Jennifer Warnes.

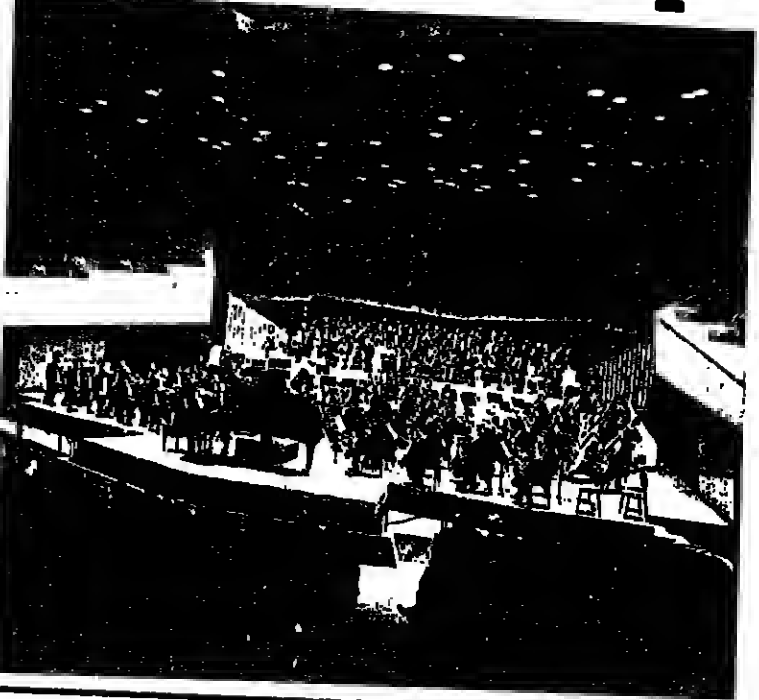
SHORTLY AFTER my arrival in Jerusalem, in September 1936, I was sitting in the so-called Abyssinian House in the Street of the Prophets (it provided a roof, *inter alia*, for the Palestine Conservatoire of Music), playing some tunes I remembered from my *agilprop* days back in Germany. The deer to my studio was suddenly almost torn off its hinges, and a man shouted "Who's playing this music? Is mine?" That was my first meeting with Stefan Wolpe, then a teacher of composition and conducting here in Jerusalem.

Until his departure for the U.S. in 1938, we met several times weekly (I took conducting lessons from him though there was no orchestra to rehearse with), and we all came to admire him tremendously. His dynamic personality was propelled by terrific tension and extreme nervousness though he was a remarkably kind and friendly being. He had come to Jerusalem from Berlin in 1934, after fleeing to Vienna from the Nazis in 1933. In Berlin he had been a very active member of an avant-garde group of artists, for whom he produced music for shows and songs, choral pieces on socialist themes in a forceful yet simple idiom. *Truppe 1931*, directed by Gustav von Wungenheim, performed *Die Mausefalle* (The Mousetrap) over 300 times. All its music was by Stefan Wolpe. Wolpe had burst into my room on hearing some of the Mousetrap songs which brought about our friendship.

In Berlin, he had studied composition with Juon and Schreker but had received advice from Ferruccio Busoni, too. Scriabin and Satie influenced his earlier works. In Vienna he studied orchestration with Anton von Wehner, and in 1936 took a conducting course in Brussels with Hermann Scherchen.

He was very stimulated by Eretz Yisrael and began to set to music Yiddish and Hebrew poetry, and wrote music to biblical texts. Above all, he

Homage to Wolpe



MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

composed some dynamic and effective but simple-to-sing music for the many choirs active in kibbutzim and the cities.

PARALLEL TO THESE creations — which in a way replaced his socialist compositions in Germany — he composed in an abstract, intellectual style — as he had in Berlin — in an attempt to solve problems of nationality and spiritualism.

When one of his students, Ralph Shapry of Chicago, conducted the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra last year, he included in the programme Wolpe's *The Man from Midian*

which, though written in 1942, was obviously still influenced strongly by his period in Eretz Yisrael.

In the United States he taught at various institutes in Philadelphia and New York; his magnetic personality made him the centre of a circle of students and composers. His music became more complex as the years went on. He diversified and polished his newly found technique, based on what the *New Grove* defines as "simultaneously presented opposed, dissociated images or multiple facets of the same image, and with juxtaposing extreme conditions of material without gradual connections."

Enactments (1950-53) for three pianos is "a vast, exuberant, five-movement work that achieves complex coordinations of widely differentiated tempos, levels of language, expressive states and modes of behaviour in a multi-dimensional space." *Grove* writes of Wolpe: "He was a remarkable figure: a socially committed individualist who created an original, inclusive, yet unfailingly imaginative answer to the quest for coherence and communication in post-tonal music."

DR. DAVID BLOCH, the director of the Group for New Music, and lecturer at the Musicology Department of Tel Aviv University, has chosen Stefan Wolpe for his annual "Composer's one-man show." This is a little belated as anniversaries go for Wolpe was born in 1902 and died in 1972. Or is Bloch celebrating Wolpe's departure for the U.S. forty-five years ago? Wolpe's contribution to Israeli music, had he stayed, would have been incalculable.

Bloch is holding a seminar on the composer, will lecture in several places, and present a programme of his music at Tel Aviv Museum on June 28. His group, which will be reinforced by guest performers and by the Chamber Choir of the Jerusalem Music Academy, will present compositions ranging from 1929 until the late Sixties. The special guest artist will be Katharina Wolpe, the London-based pianist, Wolpe's daughter from his first marriage. A workshop and symposium will be held at the Jerusalem Music Centre next Sunday, from 4 to 7.30. Songs and piano music will be performed and discussed by symposium participants Prof. Haim Alexander, Katharina Wolpe, Joan Franks, William Nathan, Moshori, and Zvi Kaplan; David Bloch will act as moderator. AS I conclude this column, the

Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra is auditioning nine young conductors in order to choose the most promising for future guest conducting appearances. The winner will conduct an overture at the Special Concert on June 30 at the Jerusalem Theatre, where the new Steinway Grand piano will be inaugurated. It took a long time to replace the old Steinway, used by the JSO for Jerusalem Theatre programmes. The initiative for its purchase came from the violinist Henryk Szeryng, who donated several cheques for his performances with the JSO. The Alfred and Dolphi Ebner Foundation made up the rest of the sum. The Ebner Foundation will present a special cash prize to the winner of the conductors' contest. The other works at this special concert include three concertos: Mozart's Piano Concerto in C (popularly known as "Elvira Mudigan"), played by Gerhard Opitz, the first prize-winner of the Second Rubinstein Piano Master Competition in 1977; the violinist Dimitri Sitkovetzky (the son of Bella Davidovitch, the famous pianist) and the cellist Antonio Meneses will perform the Double Concerto by Brahms; and all three concertos will perform in the Triple Concerto by Beethoven. The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra will be conducted by Gary Bertini.

THE LAST concert of the Three Great Masters series of the Jerusalem Theatre will be tomorrow night: Ida Haeudel, with Geoffrey Parsons at the piano, will play sonatas by Beethoven; and Enescu will perform Bach's Chaconne from the Partita in D Minor, and a work by Chabousson. Judging by the success of the first two — Buchhinder's piano recital and Rampul's appearance last Friday — there seems to be a renewal of interest in solo artist recitals, at least for Jerusalemites. The Jerusalem Theatre's initiative is admirable. □

Universal questions

THEATRE / Uri Rapp

good play, though not a great one (Sartre's own *No Exit* seems to me much greater), and is worthy of being produced.

THE FRAMEWORK of the play (Acts 1 and 7) is a kind of private trial (Ogla, the loyal party member, has to decide whether Hugo, who has just been released from prison, is still trustworthy and "usable."

Acts 2 to 6 tell the story in a series of flashbacks. The time is 1943; "Illyria" is caught up in the fighting between Germany and the Soviet Union. Hoederer, the leader of the party, is ready to compromise with the Fascist and the conservative parties in the so-called national interest, but also in order to get a foothold in government, prior to the arrival of the Soviets.

Hugo, a 20-year-old intellectual of bourgeois origin who has never been hungry and has never worked with his hands, wants to do something practical; he is sent by the party to be secretary to Hoederer (who is well guarded), and to kill him. He does so, but only after he finds him kissing his (Hugo's) wife.

Was the killing an act of practical politics or of private jealousy? Hugo himself never really knows.

Out of jail after two years (it is now 1945, and the Red Army is drawing close) he finds that the party has changed its line on Soviet orders, and is now doing exactly what Hoederer planned to do in the first place. He decides that he does not want to go on working for the party, and is ready to be killed by his former comrades.

EXACTLY IN the middle of the action occurs what is called a *scène à faire* in a well-made play: the conference between Hoederer, the prince (son of the Fascist regent) and the head of the conservative party.

Another important scene, in a later flashback, is Hoederer's discussion with Hugo, in which he says: "How frightened you are of soiling your hands. All right, stay pure! Whom does it help, and why do you come to us? Purity is an ideal for a fakir or a monk. You intellectuals, you bourgeois anarchists, you use it as an excuse for doing nothing... My hands are filthy... So what? Do you think you can govern and keep your spirit white?"

Yet Hoederer is a more complex character than he seems. While not opposed to political assassination, he likes and understands people and

their needs. Hugo, however, is quite willing to accept the killing of thousands, if principle demands it.

Hoederer is clearly one of Sartre's existential characters: an authentic man who takes responsibility for his actions and is not afraid of making decisions. Hugo arrives at this stage only at the end, when he chooses death. Until then he is captive of his private problems (a rich father and a young and mischievous wife); his dogmatic political ideas and his inferiority complex vis-à-vis his proletarian comrades.

THE PLAY IS good enough to interest us, even with a middling performance. The direction is unimaginative, relying on the text and theatrical tricks for momentum. The music (the programme does not say who arranged it) is contrived to evoke those moods — sometimes menacing, sometimes sentimental — which the acting cannot convey (just as in many Hollywood films). But its modern style is unsuited to the conventionality of the rest of the performance.

Eli Sina's stage setting is also conventional; much use is made of the revolving stage and some ingenious lighting. But here again the props have to carry the performance; more happens *with* the stage than *on* it. Two execution scenes not in Sartre's text have been added at the beginning and the end.

MUCH OF THE above applies to the setting. There are three "dream" parts: Hoederer, Hugo and Hugo's wife, Jessica. Hoederer, played by Misha Asherov, is less complex than

he should be. The contradictions of his character do not become clear, but his emotional maturity and non-cynical opportunism are drawn satisfactorily. Hugo (Moshe Becker) shows too much hysteria and too little heart-searching. This is a difficult part, combining a self-righteous dogmatism with inner conflict and insecurity, but Becker could handle it with more sensitive directing.

Jewica, the frivolous, pampered woman thrown among revolutionaries is quite well done by Melvyn Geri, who delights the audience with some scenes. But all three actors allow themselves to be dominated by their roles.

The rest of the cast play stereotypes, obedient to the overall conception of the director, which has eliminated much of the play's social significance and existentialist tension. Still, Sartre is strong enough to come through.

I do not know if this is what Sartre intended, but I, for one, came away sympathizing with the humanness of the opportunist and disliking the inhumanity of the man of principles. But this was on the personal level; opportunistic political parties still seem detestable — and God save us if they are principled as well. It is somewhat frightening to discover that they may be necessary.

Sartre may have done here what Brecht has said elsewhere: the curtain shut, and all the questions open. This is what makes the play topical for the present; it is not the task of the theatre to solve problems. □

George Segal's stilling of life

Meir Ronnen

GEORGE SEGAL (b. New York, 1924) will probably go down in art history as the painter who showed a way out of the problems of sticking to the ground rules of American abstract expressionism by turning to a form of sculpture. He will also be remembered for making casting from life (actually a sometime classical practice) respectable; and for ever fixing his personal imprimatur to the use of pristine white plaster of Paris as an end product, bringing to the medium a life it never enjoyed in the Antique Room of the old art academies. A cross-section of Segal's work is now on view at the Israel Museum. It also comprises a work, "The Sacrifice of Isaac," made here during a previous visit of Segal's just ten years ago and acquired for the Tel Aviv Museum.

The Segal exhibition is a major event: and no small technical achievement: transporting and setting up the tableaux here could only

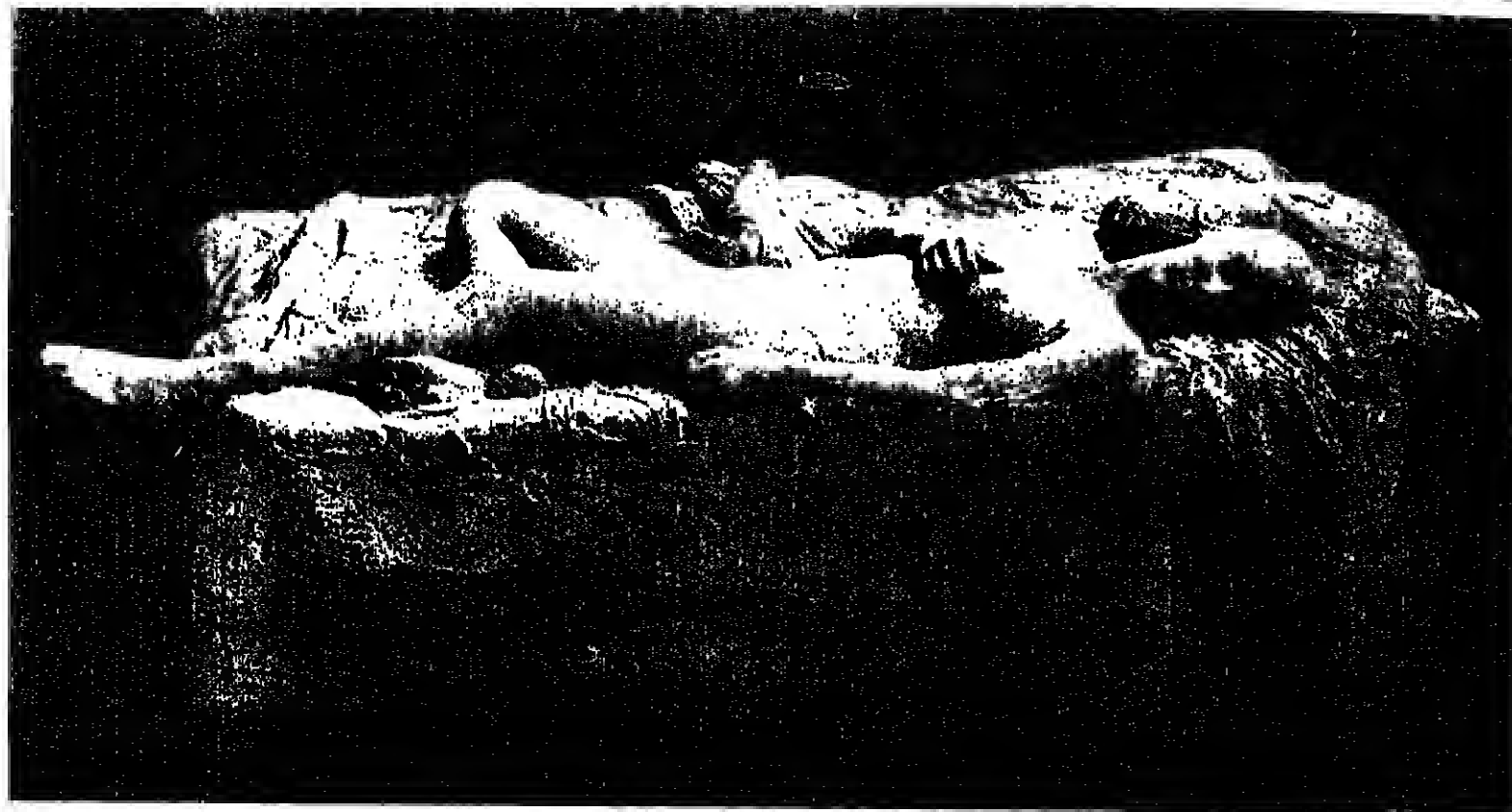
be properly taken care of in the presence of the artist himself, who was on hand to supervise siting, lighting and to make minor repairs.

The Segal "look" is so personal that it has defied, or discouraged, imitation. The famous "casters" who followed him have preferred to work in epoxy resin and, in the case of John D'Andrea and Duane Hanson, have moved into hyper-realism. Others, like Ed Kienholz, moved towards non-realist symbolism. What all these makers of tableaux commenting on the contemporary human condition had in common was the use of real objects, like doors and chairs, as props. Like Segal, Kienholz often made use of special lighting.

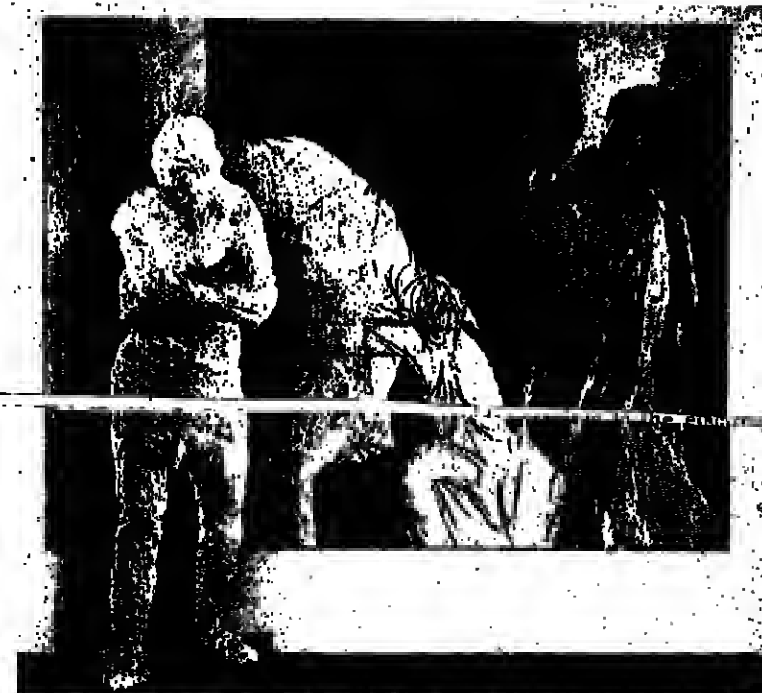
Segal reportedly stumbled onto his method of casting from life and then reassembling the parts to suit himself by soaking bandages in wet plaster and applying them to himself (today, pre-plastered bandages are readily available, chiefly for medical use). His earliest work on show here, "Legend of Lot," 1958, combines one of his bold, well brought off, but essentially flat abstract expressionist paintings, with a somewhat grotesque standing figure that appears to be still dripping wet plaster and which is bereft of realistic modelling. "Lot" is still one of his most interesting and compelling images.

Such expressionism has since vanished from his work. For nearly two decades his men and women in bars, diners, waiting rooms and doorways, some clothed, others nude or partly so, have looked out on the world with sightless eyes, their features motionless and virtually without expression. It is this quality that invests most of them

(Continued on next page)



George Segal: "Girl on Bed III," 1975, plaster.



"Legend of Lot," 1958, oil on canvas, plaster, wood, chicken-wire.



"The Steelmakers," 1980.

Portrait of Henry Geldzahler, 1976, plaster.

"Cezanne Still Life 2," 1981, painted plaster.

Photographs by Nahum Slapak courtesy of the Israel Museum.



"In Memory of May 4, 1970, Kent State: Abraham and Isaac," 1978, plaster, rope and metal, painted black.

George Segal

(continued from previous page)

with a certain fatalistic and moving timelessness. But, in some cases, like the two versions of the "Sacrifice of Isaac" here (one is painted black and commemorates the events at Kent State University when the father figures killed students) the lack of expression, both in stance and features, mitigates against and even destroys the dramatic effect. The earlier 1973 white version was cast here from Israeli sculptor Menashe Kadishman and his son. The latter lies awkwardly and unconvincedly on a separate cast of Jerusalem rock. The contemporary slacks and underwear add another false note that sounds louder than any pleas of allegory. The sacrifices are simply unconvincing. Here is a case of a certain type of realism being hoist with its own petard.

While the white works have persisted, Segal has often experimented with colour and not only black. "The Costume Party," 1965, a frozen happening of trendy dressed figures each coated in flat and opaque primary colour and grouped around two recumbent white bodies, was made at the height of the popularity of vividly coloured Pop art. The effect, however, has little to do with Pop. The "event" evokes a vaguely menacing ritual (the central figure is here minus its original prominent carnival penis). Segal has anyway long placed white or blue figures in realistically painted backgrounds; or merged them with the realistic background like the "Girl in the Shower," the white torso embedded in actual blue bath tiles.

Of late however, Segal has been colouring his figures with semi-transparent pigment in a painterly manner; there are odd echoes—for obvious reasons—from fresco painting to Renoir. However the colour is neither attractive nor convincing. Flesh tones are set off by blues in an arbitrary manner and not as they are used in painting; nor in the anatomically and physiologically correct manner of D'Andrea and Hanson.

Segal has also lost the tenacity, or should one say, the courage, to make direct quotes from particular paintings. In this case two versions of two different still lifes by Cezanne. Here, the poor painting of the cast plaster drapery bears no comparison with the original. Further, the intricate mesh of all the little painterly notations that go to make up the carefully orchestrated Cezanne symphony, are missing. All that is left is the relationship between the objects as such. These works aren't bad; they simply suffer from the invited comparison. Casting art from life is one thing; casting from the original point of departure for a masterpiece is something else again.

My own favourites in this show are two white pieces: the first is the sensual nude "Girl on Bed III," 1975; which seems to have been made all of a piece with the bed itself and into which the figure sinks in a completely natural manner. The whole exudes a particularly elegant and spiritual quality. The other is the carefully finished, partial figure of New York Art Commissioner and sometime Metropolitan curator Henry Geldzahler (which belongs to the Tel Aviv Museum).

The exhibition will be on view until September.

Recapturing childhood; translating landscape

Meir Ronnen

ANAT ESHED shows oils and some tiny sculptured scenes, which despite the disparity of mediums and colour, are closely connected in fantasy, much of it seemingly autobiographical and rendered in a dreamlike manner. Some of the oils have been seen before; the most convincing are those with a definable structure, like the very geometrical "Girl with a Bicycle," a hauntingly effective work. For firmness of form and unity of warm, winning colour, the large "People At the Seaside" (3) is easily the most accomplished. Attempts at other, more spiritual themes confuse diffuseness of form with the amorphousness of composition, though the "Submerged City" is memorable for an eerie sky wrinkled by an ephemeral presence. The tiny stage-like sets sometimes cleverly contain box frames within the frame that alter the perception of space; all are meant to be seen in the round. The little petrified forest is right out of a universal childhood fantasy. (Jerusalem Artists House). Till July 8.

ORNA BEN NERIA shows extremely deft *plein air* landscapes that are progressing from her clever pen-and-wash techniques to a looser and more painterly style in her oils. She also occasionally handles oils like watercolours, to no great end in a still life, but with fine results in the lively colour and handling of the sunny landscape of

(2). For contrast, note the more traditional but equally effective handling of the landscape next to it

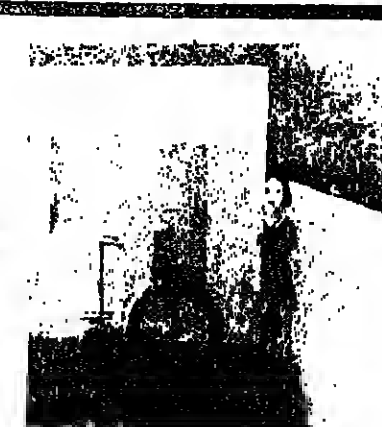
11). But all this basic figuration needs livelier, more dramatic design. (Jerusalem Artists House). Till July 8.

RIVKA SHALEV is clearly in search of a style: her landscapes are treated in three different approaches to abstract expressionism. Too many of her compositions dissolve into a welter of giggling little shapes, but she asserts herself with some authority when she achieves breadth (20) and again in the quite abstract (22). She also achieves a feeling of luscious paint quality in the more abstract expressionist pieces. Of note are 3 and 23. (Jerusalem Artists House). Till July 8.

MOSHE BANIN is yet another pensioner turned painter, with occasionally charming results, his work being a mixture of semi-naïve vision and, in a number of cases, carefully considered use of colour, as with his views of Jaffa from the sea. I also liked his unusual vision of the architectural triumvirate of the Knesset, the Monastery of the Cross and the Wolfson Towers, all cleverly symbolised and set against a richly dark sky. But the large illustration of Samson and Delilah, while starkly naive, has proved too much for him. He ought to tackle it again. (Jerusalem Artists House). Till July 8.

ALISA CASPI shows works on paper in various techniques but only the line-cuts are of interest. Much of her work is over-illustrative; the flickers of white are not sufficiently organised. A single bold ex-

pressionist head takes matters more firmly in hand. (Schatz Gallery, Rehov Schatz, J'lem).



Anat Eshed: "Girl with Bicycle" (J'lem Artists House).



Rivka Shalev: painting (J'lem Artists House).



Orna Ben Neria: pen, ink, water-colour (J'lem Artists House).

Variations on a theme

Ephraim Harris

"MUSIC IN PLASTIC ART" is a difficult matter. The only artist who attempts to tackle the heart of the subject, viz. the meeting point between the two aesthetic media, is Bernheimer, in his drawing "I Once Heard," nearly abstract, but the protruding trumpets recall those of the angels in a Renaissance "Nativity." One might also mention, further removed and leaning to the visual medium, Levy's "Musical Instruments" (oil), three guitars superimposed on musical notation. Otherwise, there are far too many items like musicians' portraits (the better including Papo's embittered, starkish "Violinist"; a "Flautist" in deep green tropical colour from Zalouk; Kinspel's two musicians, less heroic but more naturally realistic portraits this time; Wagner's black-and-white etching "Quartet"; Lamm's impressionist "Flautist" with listening girl; a Cubist mannered, above average, "Musicians" from Zuckerman).

"Traditional Custom" by one of Haifa's talented painters, Zuri, introduces her usual vampirish, long-nailed woman, holding a small flower pot containing a tiny doll of a violinist. Then we have V. Weiss's colour woodcut, a still life of a guitar and violin; and Lilach's humorous caricature of a duo, "Musical Moment" (mixed technique). Of the sculptors, mention on stylistic grounds goes to Soffer's abstracted statue "Girl Dancing"

(wood), carved and composed concavities and convexities. (Beit Chagall, Haifa.) Till June 29.

Raffi minus the bravura

Gli Goldfine

FOR VETERAN Israeli abstractionist Raffi Lavie, the challenge is to apply paint, graphite scribble and collage to a sheet of plywood and to "feel" a tactile metamorphosis. How long can one accept this kind of challenge is dependent on what means one uses to solve the problem. By observing what Lavie has hung for his current exhibit one would assume that he has dried up; that either his interest or his ability to create meaningful and sensitively painted surfaces has waned.

Lavie's use of stipple or spray instead of employment of his talented brush leaves the viewer to face a considerable amount of dense, monochromatic, pigment. Missing is Lavie's swashbuckling bravado, the impulsive hand, the marvellous "graffiti" line and the callous drips.

Even Lavie's collage elements in the painted rectangle have a programmed look *vis-à-vis* placing, size and proportion. Somehow, the inter-relationships between paint, line and applications have been neglected. Integration is now segregation as Lavie begins to repent himself into history. (Neomi Givon Fine Art, 4 Nathan Hachacham, Tel Aviv). Till July 1.

Yael Reshef has reduced naturalism to a decorative sym-

bolism in which basic human figures coupled to images from the landscape verge on the edge of pictorial abstraction. Sets of interlocking planes overlap or butt up against each other in idyllic, pastoral compositions. Reshef's sedentary themes are punctured by the addition of an ambiguous linear motif floating above the painted surface; set apart yet involved in the story, the drawing resembles a winged hoot (ours) or a totemic bird. This peculiar linear device is transformed, in several compositions, into a threatening element, a knife blade representing mysteriously coded messages. Its ominous presence is heightened by Reshef's scale of light transparent tones used for localized interpretations of nature and expressionist translations of the figure.

Reshef's ultra-flat space, airy palette and reductive drawing spans the worlds of Matisse and Avery. Yet, one gets the feeling that she has created serious sketches; and that more realized solutions of these particular themes will be forthcoming. (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Glikson, Tel Aviv).

USING A burnishing technique with hand-rubbed colours, Miriam Karoly has produced several elegant monotypes. Emerging from a very deep cool ebony background are diffused clouds of green and blue, a



Yael Reshef: painting (Julie M. Gallery, Tel Aviv).

contrasting mist on the opaque black field. A strip of white has been compositionally torn from the black plane, supplying additional associations for Karoly's imaginary landscape. While Karoly's monotypes possess poetic currents, her marble sculptures describing puffy pillows are dull and poorly carved. Intended to glorify a popular idea, they are neither beautifully conceived nor properly presented. No conscious attempt can be made towards accepting them as anything but hard, grey stone. (Mnbut Gallery, 31 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

"CONTEMPORARY '83" is a limited but good quality selection of original prints by international favourites. What sets the show apart

are the contrasts in techniques and images. The light, flippant fantasy of Felon is checked by the strong Americana images and slogans of Robert Indiana, whose typographical "Love" was a Pop emblem of the '60s. The contoured perfection of Trova's figures parallels rakish expressionism by Claes Oldenburg and Robert Motherwell while Larry Poons' mellow colour abstractions and Frank Stella's "Angriff" are balanced pleasantly against a wall of optical, hard-edge, Agamographs. A single Appel and a solo Christo print-eum-drawing, round out a first class assortment of contemporary graphics. (Carlyle Fine Art Gallery, 97 Ahad Haam, Tel Aviv). Till July 3.

A HALF-DOZEN plywood panels by Henda Levy are broadly painted expressionist pictures splashed with unbridled colour and drawn with a coarse, uneducated line. It is difficult to assess what Levy is describing except that several images zoom in on Egyptian wall compositions and pharaonic emblems; and one composition seems to emulate a Guuguinish paradise complete with exotic plants and lush vegetation framing clearly defined standing figures.

With few exceptions, Levy's pictures are muddled and uncontrolled. Her attempt at free-wheeling, impulsive painting falls into the amateur category, the reckless throwing of colour and contorting of shapes without rhyme or reason. (Shinar Art Gallery, 32 Pinsker, Tel Aviv). Till July 2.

WHAT'S ON

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Haifa

What's On in Haifa, dmi 04-040840.

ART GUIDE

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Jerusalem

MUSEUMS
Israel Museum. Exhibitions: George Segal, sculptures; The Photographs of Manuel Alvarez Bravo; Oil Lamp section; Permanent collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology; Primitive Art from the Museum's collection (Maremont Pavilion); Looking at Pictures (Ruth Youn Wing); Permanent exhibition in Pre-history Hall; Farinelli and Albertini Sing Vividly — 18th cent. Venetian Operatic caricatures (Cohen Gallery); Special Exhibits: "New" 5th cent. mosaic from a Byzantine church; The Taperman David — gold coins; Seder Mizrahi (Livy); Miniature, 18-19 cent. Japanese sculpture — netsuke and inro. At the Rockefeller Museum; Kadesh Barnea, Jewish Kingdom fortress; Poley Centre: Wonderful World of Paper.

GALLERIES

Galerie Vision Nouvelle, Khuzot Hayotzer. Y.S. Haniacha. Original prints by international artists. Tel. 02-819864, 280331.
Jerusalem City Museum — Tower of David — The Citadel. Open daily 8.30 a.m.-4.45 p.m. Multi-screen show (Eng.) Sun.-Thur. 9.00, 11.00 a.m.; 1.00, 3.00 p.m. Nightly (except Friday and Holidays) in French: 7.30 p.m. German: 8.15 p.m. English: 9.00 p.m. Permanent Exhibits: Ethnographic Dolls "Jerusalem Characters".
Yemin Moshe Windmill Permanent Exhibit on life and work of Sir Moses Montefiore. Sun.-Thur. 9 a.m.-4 p.m., Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Admission free.
The Tourist's Post, Permanent Exhibit on Jerusalem Divided and Reunited in restored former military outpost. Sun.-Thur. 9 a.m.-3 p.m. (1 Hall Handassa St.)

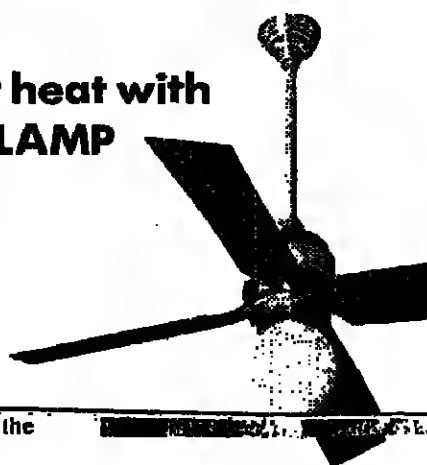
Old Yishuv Court Museum. The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-Would War II. 6 Reh. Or Hahaim, Jewish Quarter Old City. Sun.-Thur. 9 a.m.-4 p.m.
Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Helchal Shlomo. Permanent Exhibition of Judaica. 1 Horana Room: History of Jewish People. Special Shavuot Exhibit. Sun.-Thur. 9 a.m.-1 p.m., Fri. 9 a.m.-12 noon. Tel. 635212.

Tel Aviv

Tel Aviv Museum. New Exhibitions: Expressions. Continuing Exhibitions: A.R. Penck, Expedition to the Holy Land. Helmar Lerski, Photographs, 1940-1947. Impressionism and Post-Impressionism, 20th Cent. Art: Israeli Art New Acquisitions 1982-1983. On L.E. Hertz. Prints from the Museum Collection. 11 Sculptures and Triptych. Isael Tumerkin. Viewing Hours: Sat. 10-2; 7-10; Sun.-Thur. 10-10. Fri. closed. Helene Rubinstein Pavilion Sat. 10-2. Sun.-Thur. 9-5; 5-9. Fri. closed.
Other Centres
Wilfred Israel Museum, Hazorea. Ofra Barak, Gifflee Landscapes, drawings and paintings. June 18-July 23. Sat. 10 a.m.-12 noon; 5-6.30 p.m. Weekday visits: ring 03-993168/9.

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Symposium: **Humanism and Theocentricity
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Discussants: **Professor Yeshayahu Leibovitz**
Professor Marvin Fox
Professor Eliezer Schweld
Dr. Shelom Rosenberg, Chairman

The symposium will be held in the Argentina Auditorium at
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Israel Theatres

Hablma

The National Theatre

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Sat. June 25; Sun. June 28

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at the Herta Theatre
Sat. June 25; Sun. June 28

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CHALK CIRCLE**
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TRUE WEST
Tzavie
Mon. June 27; Tue. June 28

YOSHE EOEL
Tomorrow, June 25; Sun. June 26
Mon. June 27, 6.30

TROJAN WOMEN
Tomorrow, June 25; Sun. June 26
Mon. June 27; Tue. June 28

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DIRTY HANOS
June 30

Tzavie — Givestayim

French Institute — Tel Aviv

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Varda Nishry, pianist and presantator

Guest artist: Michael Meltzer, flute

Works by Bach, Rameau, Oquin, Debussy, Ravel and Maestlen. (Catalogue of birds).

Exhibition of birds by Yoel Eshkol, photographer of the Society for the Protection of Nature, will be shown at this concert.

Saturday, June 25 at 8.30 p.m., 6all Alon, 8 Eilat St., Givestayim.
Buses: 31, 53, 55, 57 & 63.

BAT SHEVA DANCE COMPANY

AUDITIONS

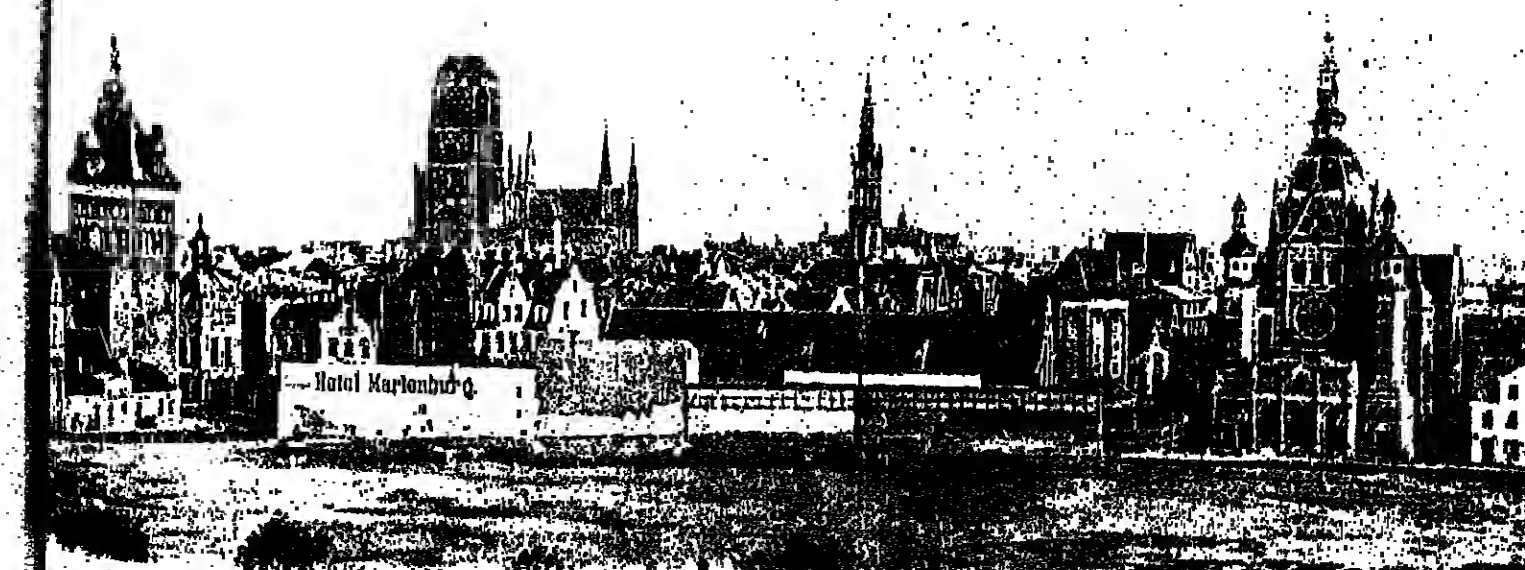
for experienced male and female dancers, July 3, 5 p.m.

also for

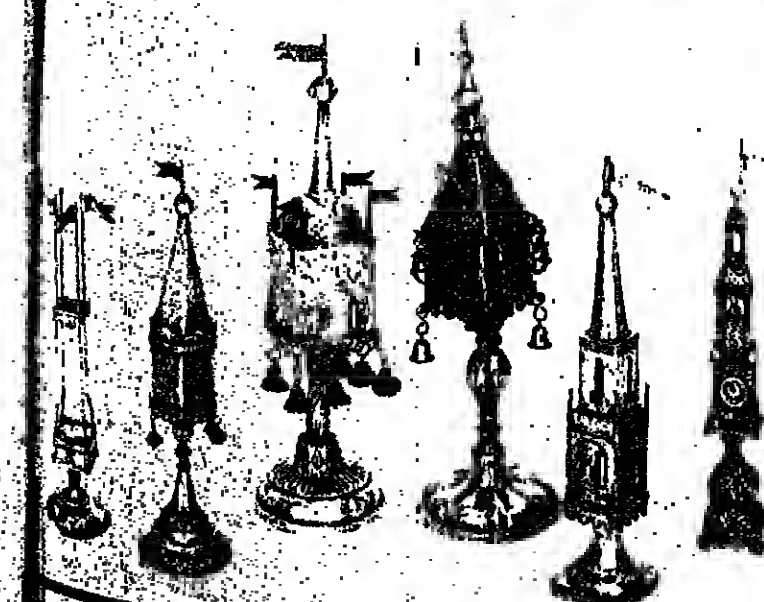
BAT SHEVA, 2 — some experience, July 3, 7 p.m.

Ohel Shom, 6allour, 30, Tel Aviv, Tel. 298240.

Handwritten text in a box, possibly a signature or note.



...Gieldzinski, a Jewish philanthropist who donated his collection of Judaica to the Danzig Synagogue in 1904; a portrait of Gieldzinski.



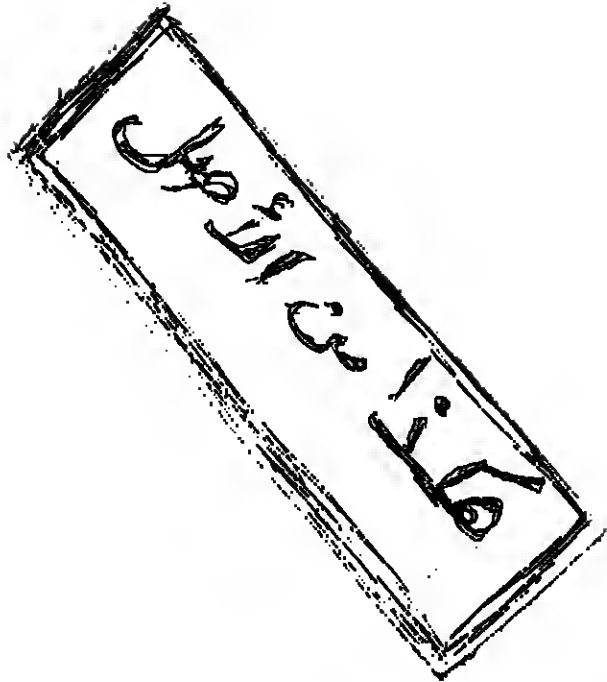
the 18th century to the early part of the 20th century. Some of them bear the hallmarks of Europe's great silversmiths; others are by unknown artists. Among the most famous are works by the 18th-century artists Johann Gottlieb Siegmund and Wilhelm Raths.

On loan from the Jewish Museum of New York, the exhibit includes the invaluable collection of Lesser Gieldzinski, a wealthy Danzig Jew of Polish origin who bought religious art works all over Europe. For many years Gieldzinski kept his collection in his own home and the notables of Europe, including the Kaiser, often visited him to see it. Eventually he donated it to the Danzig synagogue. It is the heart of the entire array of objects, preserved by those who loved them.

Beth Hatefulsoth has added to the exhibition a collection of dramatic photographs donated by former Danzigers living in Israel. Many, indeed most, of the Jews of that destroyed community found their homes here. Among the magnificent photographs are those of youth movements, of the actual demolition of the synagogue, and of Jewish life and institutions in the city.

The Danzig collection is unique, in that every item can be authenticated. So much of the treasure of the Jewish people was lost forever in the years of the Nazi regime that this alone makes it priceless.

After the exhibition closes in Israel, the collection will go, accompanied by its curator, to other cities where people will see the carefully preserved treasure of a gone but unforgotten Jewish community. But in few places will it be more lovingly shown than here at the Diaspora Museum. It is as if a beautiful part of Jewish history had come home for a while.



I HAVE BEEN to the Cannes Film Festival before. Once as an interested kibitzer and once as an exhibitor. But this time, the wife having been elected a member of the jury, I am an invited guest with all the prerogatives, invitations and multickets this implies, and get a different view of this multi-ring circus. The invited spouses sit with the jury but, like them, must conform to po-faced behaviour which precludes any sign of approval or disapproval. As behoves the judiciary. When during a brilliant dance sequence in Saura's *Carmen*, I applaud with the rest of the audience, I am rewarded with a correcting poke in the rib-cage.

Mandatorily we see two films in competition a day. Every two days the jury concludes to sort the chaff from the corn. And what a balanced lot they are. Their chairman is William Styron, the author of *Sophie's Choice* and more importantly *The Confessions of Nat Turner*. Over him we discuss why the latter was never filmed.

"I sold the film rights and lived for 10 years very comfortably on the proceeds. But the ethnic climate suddenly changed and the film was never made." Pity. He knows little about cinema and therefore is the ideal chairman.

Another member is Karl Ruiz, the Czech-born director of *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. He is married to the delightful Betsy Blair, the one-time Mrs. Gene Kelly and fondly remembered as the "dog" in *Marty*. Whenever Israel is attacked, in conversation usually by Jews, Betsy is with us in the firing line.

Henri Alkan, a gentle director of photography, Yvonne Baby, the attractive art-director and film critic

of *Le Monde* and Gilbert de Goldschmidt, a film producer, fill the French quota on the jury.

Italy's Maria Angela Melato, an actress in most Wertmüller films represents the performing arts. Siniyama Cissé from Mali won his directorial spurs at the Moscow film academy and although he films in colour, he sees the world in black-and-white, as does his mentor Sergei Bondarchuk, the director of Russia's monumental production of *War and Peace*. Encapsulated by the Russian language, he looks and acts like one of those cast-iron statues of Lenin or Stalin one used to see in Russia's parks of "Culture and Rest."

Mrs. Bondarchuk is more outgoing, and with her twenty words of Italian has us all converse in Mickey Mouse Latin. Egypt's most outstanding cineast, the friendly Youssef Chuhine, concludes the list. The jury and attached spouses, like Caesar's wife, keep much to themselves.

I WILL NOT dwell on the 20 films in competition, which have been dealt with elsewhere in these columns. Again this year many films probed the frontiers of the remaining taboos: rape, homosexuality, lesbianism and incest. Marco Ferreri in *The Story of Piers* artfully combining the latter two by literally mating the pulchritudinous Isabelle Huppert with her mother, the libidinous Hanna Schygulla. For all its steamy content the film is dull and the only one in the cast for whom I could work up some sympathy was the little fox-trotting puppy, the property of the man in the bed next to Pappa (Marcello Mastroianni) by now slightly gaga in an old-age home while Mamma services the male-urban population on

an equal opportunity basis. And I reflect how often the appearance of a little doggy bestows verve on the dull fare and I suggest a new prize-classification *Le Prix Canine* (The Golden Bune.)

La Schygulla deservedly gets the prize for best actress. At the press conference, Ferreri, when asked the motivation of this compendium of carnality, states that he views "mankind as a zoo-full of animals to which I see myself as a veterinarian." You don't say!

Apart from *The Meaning of Life* by that collective master of bad taste and hedonism, Monty Python, there is little humour on view. An exception is a short film based on children's drawings of Picasso with matching commentary, one of pondering the master's name "Pipi-caca-so," — the observation of a budding poet.

On an average day some 150 films are on view in some 35 tentacles. But I feel chained to the jury box where the enemy often is boredom and where I am debarred from wriggling in my seat. Which reminds me of Harry Cohn of Columbia Pictures' dictum, "When I begin to wriggle my ass I know the movie is bad and the film is over." To which Joe Mankiewicz remarked, "Fantastic! The whole movie industry is wired to Harry Cohn's ass." Such is show biz.

A CONSTANT stream of messages, invitations to dinners, cocktail parties and private viewings are pouring in to Her Honour and Guest. The latter, a subsidiary rule, takes some getting used to and hardly matches my macho self-image. A rare invitation addressed to me invites me to view the Cartier collection of "Mists." Not on your nelly! For the evening viewing in

the main-auditorium evening dress is mandatory like in the stiffs of any London theatre in pre-war days. To the men it is but a dreary sombre class-uniform, but the ladies are an eye-ful. Many wear see-through (or see-around) dresses in delicate fabrics lacerated as if innuited by berserk ligerets, they are called "après-rapce" in the shmatic trade.

I often wondered what the linking-of-towns game was all about. At a party I meet the deputy-mayor of Marseilles. At our table Israel's bloody sortie into Lebanon is heatedly discussed. The deputy mayor puts up a spirited defence of whatever arguments we have to offer, for Marseilles is "married" in Haifa. From my argumentation he draws certain conclusions.

"You belong to Mr. Begin's party," he asks.

"Only outside Israel," I reply, crepey like.

FOR THE 'Strike the iron while it is hot' department: The audience gives Saura's *Carmen* an enthusiastic reception, frequently applauding the screen. In the middle I observe Mr. Bracha, an Israeli distributor, leaving the hall in a hurry. Afterwards I inquire why he disliked the film.

"On the contrary," he replies, "I went out and bought it for Israel before the others woke up." No should do well.

What a rat-race it all is. Little girls (and big ones) in see-through dresses and motivations displaying their wares to roving directors themselves in hot pursuit of producers with production funds to me invites me to view the Cartier collection of "Mists." Not on your nelly! For the evening viewing in

are chatting up the little girls (and the big ones), thus closing the circle leaving the air filled with the pitter of little rodent feet.

The young man at the next table on the Carlton terrace is Italian. A bronzed and somewhat supernumerated goldfish passes and we both stare admiringly after the swaying hips as they vanish among the crowded tables, when our eyes meet in mule conspiracy.

"You know her," he says in a way to leave me in doubt whether it is a statement or a question. I say that I don't.

"You've seen the *Story of Piers* I sure have.

"Then you saw her." Did I now? I can't for the life of me place her.

"You would not recognize her," he chuckles. "But you saw her. Anyhow, a bit of her." The plot thickens.

"You remember the scene in the old people's home, when Mastroianni tells his daughter Piers that as a last favour he would like to sleep with her and she lifts up her skirts forgetting that she left her knickers at home?" Will I ever forget!

"There is a jump-out there to a close up. Well, la Huppert refused to do the shot, so a stand-in was called for. The lady that just passed was the stand-in! Got paid a day's wages for a three second intimate close-up." I would never have guessed. A cameo appearance if ever there was.

"How do you know all this?" I venture.

"I was the assistant cutter," he smiles.

I check this story with an Israeli friend who should know. "The guy was right," he says. "Isabelle is basically a redhead." Ah, we journalists go to great

lengths to get the facts straight. Stern magazine, please note!!

FOR A WEEK the local press has carried ads for "The Election of the Largest Bust on the Côte d'Azur" at the Whiskey-a-Gogo discothèque. My presscard assures me a seat with the jury. My neighbour is a friendly Spanish journalist from Gibraltar. He confesses not being a fit-man and intends to consult with me. Not being a disco fancier I admire the dancer's ability to stand the maxi-decibel din. E.N.T. specialists should look into the long term effects. Cancer of the tympanum I would guess.

Some 30 girls have entered the competition and have been weeded down to 10. They range from a magnificent 92 cm. to a stunning 106 cm. The unrevealing first-round in streetclothes is booed off the floor by the 2,000-strong audience sitting like sardines on the dancefloor. The second round in

Marcello Mastroianni.

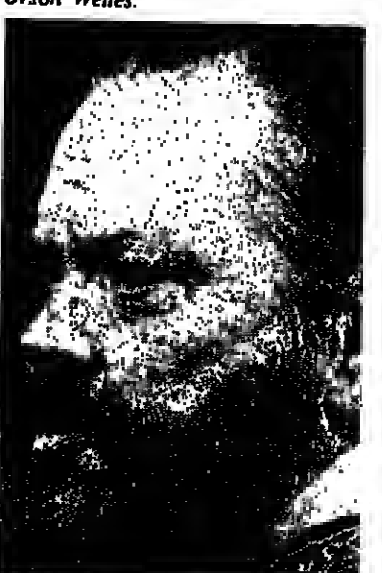


need the interaction with other cultures, as they need us for their tradition. If ever there was syn-biosis!

For the elderly citizens of Cannes the annual circus holds little interest. On the plane-shaded *Place de l'Étang*, the local *pétanque* (bowls) battlefield, the superannuated and underemployed throw their cast-iron balls with deadly aim and dedication. It is a sport which requires the minimum equipment, attire and facilities. Faulty aim is rewarded with good natured jeers and taunts.

The walrus on the bench tells me of a tragedy in an accent which would have done Pagnol proud. It happened to Old Jules walking to the bus when two young hoodlums ("vuyous") on a motorbike passed close by and snatched his bag containing his *boûles* as well as his lunch. "Surely Arabs," he concludes shaking his head and spitting into the gravel. "It was all he had in

Orson Welles.



This year the jury's task is not an easy one since the final selection is a contest between the mediocre. It is here where other, non-cinematographic, criteria creep in. The Third World has its protagonists and wants cultural recognition, (India's *Kari* gets the special Jury Prize). With little outstanding acting on display the male award goes to Gian Maria Volonte, win has cancer. Out of respect for his 80 years and past performance Robert Bresson for a very unsatisfactory film shares the Special Creativity Prize with Tarkovski's *Nostalgie*, a well-intentioned film from Italy of little import but carrying a pseudo-metaphysical message.

Gilbert de Goldschmidt reminds his colleagues that there is no point in rewarding films that go from Cannes straight to the film societies and cinémathèques unseen by the public and a dead loss to their investors. And we are back at the industry's old dichotomy: art versus box-office. As Sam Goldwyn used to say "Messages should be left to Western Union," and "Art is what closes on Saturday."

FOR TEN hours the jury slog it out, when Bill Styron rings the division bell. The verdict is one of compromise.

The prize-giving ceremony is a pale copy of the Oscar-award ceremony and a shambles of disorganization. We are driven up in limousines and disgorged between two rows of helmeted motorcops. On the steps a naked model cavorts before the cameras.

A galaxy of stars have been flown in for the occasion. Jeremy Irons, filming in Paris, has been flown in by chartered jet. He hands Miss Schygulla her certificate, expresses satisfaction to be in Cannes and climbs back into his jet.

For the handing over of the main prize, Orson Welles, one sad mass of bearded blubber, puffs onto the stage to a standing ovation. We don't applaud the man, just the memory. What a tragedy he is. At the summit of his creative powers with *Citizen Kane* at age 26, way back in 1941 and downhill from thereon. The Goddess of Fortune should be more careful when she winks your way. Too early is as devastating as too late. Possibly better no wink at all? I really don't know.

THE MORNING after. Squads of cleaners and polishers move in to disinfect the Carlton Hotel, the festival's operational H.Q. Cranes crawl all over the facade to take down the huge billboards advertising James Bond's latest exploits in *Octopussy*, and *The Wile Contract* ("... which is the strongest? His desire for her exquisite flesh or his commitment to kill her? Starring the ultra-SanSual SuSan Silver\$").

So see you next year when the little rodent feet return for yet another hunt in the rat-race. When the nippledeon on the beach has gone bottomless, while the industry having probed another notch towards the limits of outrage has come full circle and once again shows True Blue Harold redeeming the mortgage on the family farm. For where does one go from the cesspits of depravity but to the rarified realms of innocence. Then I will know it is time for me to go. For that is where I came in. Or, what is more likely, the cinema will have tackled the last taboo, DEATH, with the pitiless Reaper in the title role. But I don't think so, since, for all its vulgarity, morbidity and crass absurdity the cinema is still very much alive.

The last film in competition is *A Wounded Man*, a violent homosexual love affair of incredible brutality played out mainly in the unlovely environment of the cellars and 'genits' of the Gare du Nord where romance of sorts blossoms as on the vine. The gay world is depicted as anything but gay, what with bloody bashing and vicious invasions of privacy (if that's the right phrase), where the flick-knife carries the same persuasion as the posy in heterosexual relationships. I always thought I was shock-proof. Now I know better.

MILLING around the exhibitors' hall, the auditoria, the hotel lobbies and dining rooms confirms that in the movie industry the Jewa play a dominant role. They provide the talent, the speculative, enterprising, some of the blaring vulgarity as well as the compelling dynamism. In the light of this it is all the more surprising that Israel has produced virtually nothing of merit either financially or artistically. And that goes for our writers, painters and composers. Only our musical performers make it — abroad.

I see the Jew as the leaven in the cultural bread; enormously effective within the dough but a dead enzyme on its own. We have grown to

the world." Subsequent conversation reveals that Old Jules has a wife and four children.

Joke time on the Croisette; Q. If Tarzan and Jane had been Jewish, what would Cheetah the monkey have been?

A. A fur coat!

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"NOBODY reads Betjeman because they have to; his poems are read rather than used," claims the author as he (Gnesses) draws the conclusion of this biography of John Betjeman — famous English poet-cum-national-institution. The undisputed hostility that has been shown towards Betjeman by the literary critical establishment is no secret: he has been called a social snob; a failed satirist; an oddity, regressive and insular in his outlook. Yet when Betjeman's *Collected Poems* appeared in 1958 they made publishing history. The first edition sold 100,000 copies, and subsequent editions have brought the astonishing figure to well over a million. To parallel such a demonstration of popularity one would have to go back more than a century, to Tennyson or Byron. As Taylor-Martin points out, "Popularity may not be an infallible index of merit but nor is it to be used as evidence of its opposite."

A.N. Wilson, in one of the more scathing reviews of this biography, remarked: "The reason for Betjeman's justified popularity is that his poetry is instantly accessible to millions of people who do not desire and do not need a critic or teacher to let them know about it." He then continued sourly: "It is inevitable that people are going to write books about the great man." And, arguably, they should. As much as Betjeman's work exists to be enjoyed, such an enigmatic man cries out to be explained.

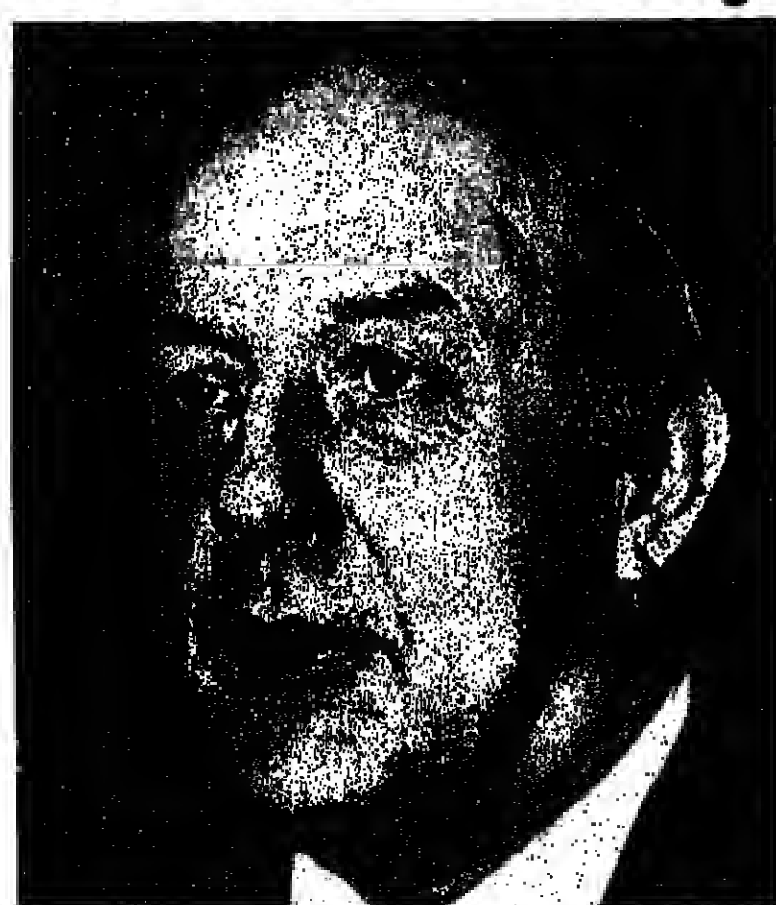
Although this book relies heavily upon what Betjeman has said about himself and what others have said about him, it does fill out many gaps left even for those who have watched Betjeman's frequent television appearances in the past two decades, or have read his blank-verse autobiography, *Summoned by Bells*. The biography helps one to understand the events that formed and fuelled the poet laureate's poetic imagination. Taylor-Martin draws our attention to the human qualities which lend so much warmth to his work: his sense of humour, his feeling for detail and nuance, his sensitive and compassionate eye, his perpetual enjoyment of, and concern for, people. Also brought out well are fascinating incidents of Betjeman's life, which, though alluded to in his own autobiography, have been shaded out and expanded.

THE HALLMARK of Betjeman's poetry is the presentation of the phenomenon of everyday 20th-century life in traditional rhyme and metres. His respect for the sensuous and musical appeal in poetry has deceived many critics into thinking that the light-hearted and pleasing cannot also be serious. As Philip Larkin pointed out in his introduction to the *Collected Poems*, "The minor tone of his work probably deceives many people into thinking it is minor."

Betjeman's technique is well known: the subtle texture, the modulations between solemnity and comedy, the self-mockery and the self-expression. Well known, too, is the Betjeman of the "dim suburbs and gas-lit stations," the poet who discovered beauty in the obscure, the neglected, the antiquated; and even the Betjeman of the haunting *memoria mori*. Less well known is another side of his literary persona: ambivalent, sometimes jovial, sometimes wistful; always sensitive. Early in his career, Betjeman had discovered the delights of the rhyming couplet:

My goodness what it seemed perfect then —

Primitive veracity



JOHN BETJEMAN: His Life and Work by Patrick Taylor-Martin. London, Allen Lane. 182 pp. £9.95.

Aloma Halter

The brilliance of the rhymes A.B.

What seems typically Betjeman is not so much his faithful adherence to the forms and favourites of his youth as the vivid, colloquial address to the reader, the direct "My goodness me!" Time and again one gets this sense of immediacy, of the poet talking directly and unmediated to his audience. Betjeman's popularity, as Taylor-Martin points out (taking his cue from Larkin), has been thought of as invigorating evidence of the reopening of long-blocked channels of communication between the poet and the intelligent lay public; as a much-needed tonic to the "culture-mongering" activities of Eliot and Pound, and all that is usually taken, with deep suspicion, to be modernist.

It is as if the strongest aspects of Betjeman's poetry are drawn out when he speaks as a person, rather than as a poet. This device is manifest in the famous "Death in Leamington," where in the middle of a description of the quiet, unnoticed death of an old lady, Betjeman suddenly, and very disconcertingly, addresses the reader:

Do you know that the stucco is peeling?
Do you know that the heart will stop?

From these yellow Italianate arches
Do you hear the plaster drop?

One critic has admitted that he found this stanza more chilling than T.S. Eliot's famous "I will show you fear in a handful of dust" — a comparison which may have caused Betjeman some amusement, for Taylor-Martin relates an event that connected the two poets long before their professional life brought them together.

At Betjeman's preparatory school in Highgate there was a young American master named Eliot, reputedly interested in poetry. Very

proud of his childish verses, the boy decided to bind them into a book, and present them to the master. He received no acknowledgment, but learned from another boy that the reaction had not been favourable. Eliot never referred to the incident, then or in later years.

IT IS PROBABLY for details like this that biographies are read, and Taylor-Martin is very good at giving us an insight into the private man whose "confessional posture" compelled him to set down his innermost feelings: the childhood humiliations, the consciousness of having deeply disappointed his father; moments of loss, guilt, doubt, and the abiding horror of death.

One of Betjeman's notable achievements is his ability to recognize precious emotions in the mundane and even in the vaguely comic, with a skill that reminds one of the great comedies of the English stage. In "The Cockney Amorist," the jaunty rhythm leads us trippingly, unexpectingly along:

I will not go to Finsbury Park
The putting course to see,
Nor cross the crowded High Road
To Williams's for tea,
For these and all the other things
Were part of you and me.

That last line becomes an inseparable part of a memorable poem, but it also fulfils what is surely the essential function of poetry: to present the familiar in ways that are entirely fresh and convincing. Betjeman finds, and shares with his reader, moments of elevation amidst the entirely commonplace. He does it again in a neglected gem from the *Collected Poems* — "In a Bath Tenshop":

"Let us not speak, for the love we
bear each other —
Let us hold hands and look."
She, such an ordinary little woman;
He, such a thumping crook;
But both, for a moment, little lower
than the angels
In the tea-shop's ingle-nook.

HOWEVER, there are moments in Betjeman's poetry that cause some discomfort. He is liberal with phrases which a more self-conscious

and perhaps more stringently self-censuring poet might well have shied away from: "Jolly, jolly"; or "the cabbages are coming now"; or "Deeply I loved thee, 31 West Hill!"

Improper as it may be to lift these phrases so completely from their context, one can still form an idea of a poetic lexicon from which some part of modern sensibility instinctively recoils. Perhaps because of their very specificity of tone and allegiance to a particular English social stratum, the pre-World War I, robust, Edwardian, public-school ambience — they do not have the same international appeal. It has been complained, with justice, that Betjeman does not always export well.

The greater poets have usually created a vocabulary through which to express themselves; Betjeman found his in English architecture, which for him meant not merely building design and construction, but "our whole over-populated island," through the relationship of form and place to the people who had shaped their environment and were, inevitably, shaped by it. Thus many of his poems bear the titles of towns or places; many are about specific locations: Bath, Exeter, Leamington, Oxford — rural and urban cameos that convey a "vivid portrait of mid-20th century English social life."

The paradox of Betjeman, which Taylor-Martin does his best to explain, is how the poetic corpus can be so erratic; so great at some moments, so disappointingly weak, so uncritically complaisant, at others. Larkin, introducing Betjeman, points to the problem: "Energy that most contemporary poets put into screening their impulses for security, Betjeman puts into the poem." But he goes on to assert that Betjeman's poems, "however trivial or lighthearted, always carry a kind of primitive veracity that sets them apart from the verses of his contemporaries and captures the reader's attention in advance of his intellectual consent."

TAYLOR-MARTIN's book is competent, well-researched and readable. It may not be inspired in its discussion of the poems (Taylor-Martin is not a "literary" man; he is a history graduate from Hull University), but it is usefully explanatory. In an upright attempt to steer clear of the seamier sides of biography, he concentrates on the work more than the life. This is a shame, because he is not all that well-qualified to talk about the former, and far more interesting about the latter. Those whose reading tastes incline to the biographic would probably find it rather insipid fare were it not occasionally spiced with a pinch of scandal. There have already been very mixed reviews of this book, ranging from allegations that the author is "uniquely deaf to the tone of Betjeman's poetry" to the comment that he has made "every legitimate point in Betjeman's favour with unwavering devotion." But writing the biography of a Betjeman can never be quite the same as writing the biography of a Ben-Gurion; for to write about a man whose creative energies expressed themselves in verbal articulation requires slightly more sophistication in its approach.

Taylor-Martin's prose may be prosaic, but he still gives the reader a very attractive picture of a man whose *midlife* is words and word-pictures; whose amiable, avuncular persona is both transparent in, and screened by, his poems.

Norma Jean

OF WOMEN AND THEIR ELEGANCE by Norman Mailer. Photographs by Milton Greene. New York, Pinnacle/Tor. 287 pp. \$3.50.

S.T. Meravi

A FUNNY thing happened on the way to the pyramids. At least 10 years and a half-dozen books ago, Norman Mailer let it be known that he was working on a "major novel" about ancient Egypt. He then produced a collection of essays, but that obviously wasn't it. Next came a book on the Muhammad Ali — George Foreman boxing match in Zaire, but that also wasn't it. Mailer then gave us 1,000 pages on murderer Gary Gilmore, but that wasn't the Egyptian novel. Then more essays, and they weren't it. Then this book, and this wasn't it. Finally, earlier this spring came the



major Egyptian novel, called *Ancient Evenings*, and according to initial reports most reviewers wish that wasn't it either.

For better or worse the Egyptian tomb tome hasn't reached us yet. If the novel is indeed as bad as early reviews indicate, it just may be because Mailer allowed himself — simultaneous alimony payments to six ex-wives aside — to be diverted into so many other writing projects. In any event, I can't think of any compelling reason to look into *Of Women and Their Elegance*, now released in paperback, unless it is to save whatever curiosity may exist about what Mailer was doing when he should have been concentrating on the pharaohs.

This book, should anyone care to be reminded, is Mailer's first-person phantom biography of Marilyn Monroe. It's a moderately clever conceit for a clever man to imagine himself Marilyn telling her tale of woe to her diary; maybe clever enough to be an experimental short story in the honorably obscure pages of a journal like *Tri-Quarterly*. But *Elegance* is no *Tools*, for at book-length the conceit rapidly wears thin to the point of transparency. This is because the only voice Mailer can mime is Monroe's movie voice. This is well reproduced, but hardly an achievement, and in any event is doomed to tell us little about the person behind the persona.

Nor for that matter does the book tell us much about either women or elegance. Some good gritty elements appear when Mailer projects Monroe into his *Deer Park* concept of Hollywood. But these are mere flickers by a writer who occasionally can't help being brilliant, even when he's not trying.

In a postscript, Mailer himself suggests that his methods are dubious. So too are the pictures by top fashion photographer Milton Greene. We see Marilyn in a variety of technically fine poses, but they remain poses. Like Mailer's monologue, the pictures are evidence only of one more man's imagining of what Marilyn Monroe might have been. Whither Norma Jean?

FRANZ KAFKA summed it all up years before the event. The poet Oskar Baum, a friend of his and a fellow Prague Jew, was blinded in a fracas with Czech schoolchildren because of his German schoolbooks. "The Jew Oskar Baum," mused Kafka some time later, "lost his eyesight as a German — something in fact which he never was, and which he was never accepted as being."

The story of Germanized Jews of Prague does not differ fundamentally from that of the Germanized Jews of Berlin, Munich or Frankfurt. As the 19th century drew to a close, Prague Germans remained a dominant cultural force although numerically they were a declining community. In many ways, they were dependent on the Jews for infusions of wealth and talent. However, as Carole Fink writes in a paper on "Franz Kafka and the Dilemma of Ethnic Nationalism," Canadian Review of Studies in Nationalism (University of Prince Edward Island, Spring 1981, pp. 17-36), the Prague German-Jewish symbiosis produced no entente. "German nationalism was based on racial exclusiveness," she explains. "The German fraternities routinely rejected Jewish applicants, and the German section of the Charles University was segregated into *Volksisch* (German) and 'liberal' (Jewish) student organizations."

There is a chapter on Kafka and the Jews of Prague in Frederic Grunfeld's sobering survey of the many futile attempts made by Jewish intellectuals, artists and men of letters to be accepted by the general fraternity of the Germans. *Prophets Without Honour* (now available in Aharon Amir's excellent translation in the Ofakim Library: Nevi'im Bivil Kavod, Am Oved, Tel Aviv, 307 pp., no price stated). Though popularized and obviously meant to attract a less sophisticated reading public, Grunfeld's work is basically solid and full of substance. But many of his generalizations and sensationalisms should be taken with several grains of salt.

More restricted in scope but more satisfying as a scholarly effort is Peter Gay's 1978 collection of

Glorified dreams



Nissim Rejwan

papers, Freud, Jews and Other Germans, still available as an Oxford Paperback (289 pp., £1.95). Gay says that this collection of essays is a deeply personal book. "And I would acknowledge that it is a piece of autobiography, part of a reckoning with my origins and my changing life's experience." He would, however, reject the suggestion that it is a completely subjective report. He believes, in the proposition that from subjectivity, objectivity can grow — and thus "I am using myself, in this book, as a guinea pig for the same proposition."

This conceded, Gay's essays still remain basically works of history. In chapter after chapter, whether dealing with Freud — who was "doubly marginal, both as an Austrian and as a Jew" — or Hermann Levi, "the most accomplished conductor in the German Empire who was also a Jew," the author is torn between detachment and engagement. He writes with impeccable scholarship, albeit with a cutting edge. Levi's Jewish self-hatred, he reminds us, antedates the term by nearly half a

century. *Selbsthass*, "the frantic urge to escape one's Jewishness not merely by renouncing but by denouncing Judaism," entered general circulation in 1930, through a book written by Theodor Lessing — "part diagnosis and part display of a distasteful masochism which, it seemed, was more widespread among Jews than among other despised or persecuted groups." (Shortly before World War I, Lessing wrote Freud an ugly letter denouncing psychoanalysis as a typical "abortion" of the Jewish spirit. "I turned away from the man in disgust," Freud recalled later. "Don't you think," he went on to ask his interlocutor, "that self-hatred like Lessing's is an exquisite Jewish phenomenon?")

Gay's book also helps us perceive the hopeless and intractable position of the Jews in Germany. The Jew "was the most insidious enemy because he was the most insinuating." The psychological mechanisms of anti-Jewish sentiment, however, were far from simple. "Many German anti-Semites feared and detested the Jew because, they said, he insisted on retaining, and parading, his differences... But other anti-Semites

disliked the Jew for precisely the opposite reason: for making such strenuous efforts to erase all boundaries between themselves and their gentile fellow-citizens." It was a classic case of "damned if you do, damned if you don't."

NEITHER GAY nor Grunfeld find fit to deal with the phenomenon known as *Wissenschaft des Judentums*, the Scientific Study of Judaism. The movement, which begun in 1822 with the publication of part of the *Zeitschrift für die Wissenschaft des Judentums*, was aimed at the scholarly investigation of the literature, history and language of the Jews. It was a direct product of the encounter between Jewry and modernity and was founded in Berlin. Although it had no direct relation with either assimilationism or *Selbsthass*, the movement was clearly addressed to the subject at hand. A hint at this is to be found in one of the many contributions to the latest Leo Baeck Institute publication in English, *Studies in Jewish Thought: An Anthology of German Jewish Scholarship* (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 434 pp., \$25). The anthology is selected, introduced and partly translated by Alfred Jospe, and in the second selection, "A Century of Wissenschaft des Judentums," written by Ismar Elbogen in 1922, the reader is offered a much-needed survey of the movement and of the aims and aspirations of its founder, Leopold Zunz. Zunz's model, Elbogen writes, was *Altertums-wissenschaft*, "the science of antiquity," created by his own university teachers.

"Paralleling his high esteem for that branch of scientific studies," he continues, "Zunz's ideal was to create, through its *Wissenschaft*, high regard for Judaism in the eyes of educated Jews and non-Jews. He hoped the enlightened and noble spirits among his co-religionists would rally around it, as they once had done with talmudic studies. This seemed to him the surest guarantee for the continuity of Judaism in the modern condition. He expected fulfillment of the dream of his age, the civil and social equality of the Jews. 'The equality

of the Jews in custom and life,' Zunz wrote, 'will emerge from the equality of the *Wissenschaft des Judentums*.' The dream was not fulfilled — and the rest of the sordid story is known to all."

Studies in Jewish Thought offers the cream of German-Jewish scholarship in the field of Jewish studies. The names of the contributors alone prove this. Apart from Zunz himself, with whose short dissertation on Rabbinate literature the volume opens, there are studies by Leo Baeck, Julius Guttmann, Max Wiener, Isaak Heinemann, Gershom Scholem, Alexander Altmann and several others. A totally different kind of compilation though also aimed at "immortalizing" the cultural contributions of German Jewry is *Vergangene Tage: Jüdische Kultur in München* (Bygone Days: Jewish Culture in Munich, edited by Hans Lunin, Munich: Langen Muller, 552 pp., no price stated).

Dr. Lamin, now president of the Jewish community of Munich, seems to have left no stone unturned. This volume, a monumental production by any standard, with numerous illustrations and including a mini-history of the Jews of Munich written in 1979, contains no less than 150 pieces and its contributors include such names as those of Thomas Mann (on his friend Lion Feuchtwanger, plus two short contributions); Nachum Goldmann ("On the Psychology of Eastern Jews"); Chaim Weizmann (autobiographical fragment); Albert Einstein (on anti-Semitism, among other things); and Rudolf Franke (on his Munich years). Other contributors include Martin Buber, Erich Kastner, Stefan and Arnold Zweig, Leo Baeck, Max Reinhardt and many others. It is easier to list those who aren't included than those who are. It is a dismal story, and — like the imposing edifices of the enlarged and renovated synagogues of Cologne, Munich and other large German cities the book rests there, a fine monument to a doubtful bygone glory signifying little, representing even less, and standing in mock defiance of nothing and no one in particular.

Human merchandise

THE ARABS AS MASTER SLAVERS, by John Laffin, Englewood N.J., SBS Publishing Inc. 116 pp. No price stated.

Susan Hattis Rolef

tears left, but they held tightly to one another and kept looking around as if for help. Boys of about 10 or 12 had their anuses examined; homosexual buyers are fussy about disease....

Slavery was officially abolished in Saudi Arabia in 1962, yet it is no secret that it still continues, even though the sort of auction observed by Laffin in Djibouti, port city of Somalia, is presumably a thing of the past. It is known that many a pilgrim to Mecca and Medina never leaves Saudi Arabia again as a free man, and I was recently told by the head of a Middle East department in the Foreign Ministry of one of the Common Market member states, of the difficulties he encountered in trying to secure the release of misguided young girls, nationals of his state, who were lured to Saudi Arabia by Saudi boy friends only to discover upon their

arrival what their new status was to be.

Laffin's account deals with the phenomenon of slavery in the Arab world, the rites of slavery, the exploitation of East Africa — and especially the slave trade which followed the Arab settlement in Zanzibar, the Saharan slaves, the special tale of Sudan and of Saudi Arabia — where slavery is part of a lifestyle. Reading the accounts — all of them documented by travelers and scholars who had observed the phenomenon at first hand — it is difficult to grasp that most of the tales relate to our own life time.

The most shocking aspect of the slave trade is the actual rounding up of the slaves in Africa, the long march over hundreds of miles of desert, in the course of which 80-90% of the slaves perished of starvation, disease and exhaustion. Those who survived were then subjected to the sort of degrading experience observed by Laffin in Djibouti. The actual life in servitude which followed must have seemed like heaven in comparison with the humiliation and pain suffered by these wretched human beings until their eventual purchase.

Occasionally children were sold in batches. They did not cry, mainly because they had no

society cannot condone without endangering whatever morals it still possesses. These have to do with basic human rights and human dignity, and include child labour, abuse of women and slavery.

Wherever such phenomena still exist they must be uncovered and publicized, and everything must be done to abolish them. The fact that all the phenomena mentioned above are still prevalent in the Arab world, is in itself an evil which must be eradicated. It also goes to show that we are facing a civilization with very different values, mores, customs and beliefs; a civilization which uses familiar western terms, but within a completely different context, changing actual meaning, and that this must be taken into consideration in all contacts whether on the battlefield, around the negotiating table, in the market place or even on the personal level.

This does not mean that one should not appreciate and admire worthy features in the Arab culture and way of life, and it is certainly no justification for any manifestation of racism.

Laffin's hook is not a definitive study on the subject of the Arab slave trade, but is an extremely able sketch which is highly readable and at the same time leaves one with a desire to read more.

Laffin also describes Islam's attitude to slavery which he says "is ambiguous and ambivalent and can hardly be anything else. The Koran forbids slavery and introduced the new idea that it is highly meritorious to set slaves free. This is straightforward enough. But, says the Moslem, you cannot set slaves free unless you first own slaves — therefore slavery is sanctioned by God and almost certainly directly commanded by Him."

The chapter on the slavery of Arab women is really the tale of the obsession of the Arabs with the virginity of their daughters and brides, to the point of absurdity at best, and in many cases physical torture which any civilized society would regard as criminal.

THE MESSAGE of the book is shocking, yet it must be seen in the right perspective. Slavery is a phenomenon which is not to be found in most of the Arab world today, and though traditional society is far from having vanished, progress, in the western sense of the word, is evident in Arab society.

This hook reminds us that even the most liberal and enlightened audience must remember that the tolerance it preaches has its limits, and that there are certain customs in other civilizations which Western

Local vocals



Scene from a recent Israeli performance of "Pegleged" by a visiting opera troupe from France.

A new Israeli opera company will begin a series of workshops next month, to train its ensemble, under artistic director Sarah Caldwell of the Boston Opera.

Caldwell and other professionals from Israel and abroad will work with small groups in order to develop talent and expand the company's repertoire.

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Lots of suspense

WHO SAYS you can't transplant a brain? Peter Nieswand, a South African writer, outdoes even Dr. Christian Barnard whose pioneering heart transplants seen child's play compared to the during neuro-surgery described in *Fullback* (New York: Morrow, 400 pp., \$14.95), a spy thriller with medical kicks. A handsome, ruthless CIA agent is teamed with a brilliant computer scientist to penetrate a Russian underground missile base and wreck the automatic trigger system aimed at U.S. cities.

Their spy contact in Russia is a leading Soviet computer expert who longs to escape to the West, and is promised a trip to freedom if the plan succeeds. All goes well until one of the agents is struck by a fatal illness. Desperate to save the mission, the CIA secretly gives the go-ahead to some neuro-surgeons dreaming of a chance to extend their successful chimpanzee experimental transplants to real people. They use a newly discovered "nerve glue," which is a tissue fluid that allows severed synapses in the brain and spinal cord to join up.

The 14-hour gory transplant operation, an educational crash course in neurology, set out in detail, is guaranteed to keep morbidly enthralled readers in the opening theatre till the last note. Naturally the operation is a success, Russia's nuclear threat to destroy the world is averted, and promotions nod the CIA, who prudently keep the operation a top-level secret. This wacky but well-written thriller is recommended for those who like mind-boggling ideas that succeed in fiction at least.

IN JACK HIGGINS' *Touch the*

Jennie Tarabulus

Devil (New York: Stein and Day, 215 pp., \$12.95), a KGB colonel broods that wars have changed since he was a 14-year-old partisan in the Ukraine. "It was simpler then. We were fighting the Nazis. We knew where we were. But now..." Shrugging cynically, he briefs a hired international terrorist about a Russian plot to steal a new NATO missile from a secret air base in England.

There are three well-educated Irish terrorists involved also in this plot. The first is the KGB-hired terrorist. He had once fought for Ulster, but gave up that struggle, remarking "nothing is worse than a collection of ignorant people with legitimate grievances." Now he is for anything that pays well.

To foil the Russian plot, the British Intelligence chief picks his own two terrorists: a University don and an Irish-American Vietnam War veteran turned anti-war idealist. Both had become passionately and patriotically involved in the struggle to free Ireland. They want to "fight clean in a fair war" against military, not civilian, targets. But they learn it's no longer possible, with professional terrorism at the helm. Tired of senseless killing, realizing they have been used, they quit the game. But the British Intelligence chief blackmails them shamelessly into stopping the Russian-paid Irish agent whom they know and hate. Used once again, tied to for a "higher purpose," they play the game for the last time. What happens when the three Irish agents clash, lies revealed and

betrayal recognized, makes a shocking climax. *Touch the Devil* is a fine suspense story, intelligently written, and with fine insights into today's kind of terrorism where no one is safe any longer.

Jack Higgins, a pen name for Harry Patterson, a former University don — wrote also *The Eagle has Landed*.

ANDREW GREELEY, an iconoclast Catholic priest from Chicago, and author of the controversial novel *The Cardinal Sin*, prefaces his new novel — *Thy Brother's Wife* (New York: Warner Books, 304 pp., \$12.95), — with a note on Passover and Easter. He calls them the springtime feasts of liberation and renewal, and briefly describes the final seder of unleavened bread and the Last Supper.

This freedom theme sets the tone for *Thy Brother's Keeper*, a story about two brothers raised by their domineering, wealthy father who decrees one should be a priest, the other a politician. Luckily both tend toward these professions, and eventually there is a cardinal and a senator in the family. The snag is that both love the same woman, and this triangle theme is not resolved till each frees himself from the bondage of real or imagined guilt.

Meanwhile, church and secular politics in Rome and Chicago, adultery, and the effect of the sins of the father on his children, strain moral commitments.

An interesting feature of the novel is a shrewd, revealing character analysis of Bobby Kennedy. Greeley again justifies the writing of a sexy novel with the argument that a secular parable guides the conscience better than plain preaching. *Thy Brother's Keeper*, a reshuffle of his first novel, is tolerable reading and, while Greeley's colleagues may disapprove of a priest writing such titillating stuff, readers won't. □

Terrifying tales

Sandra Smith

A HORROR BOOK has to be well thought out and just plain scary. The genre can include monsters, ghosts, or mysterious occurrences. The highly subjective nature of a horror story turns its writing into an art. It is a risky affair because there is no compromise — a story either terrifies or it doesn't.

Pollergest (Granada, \$2.50), now Steven Spielberg film, succeeds in terrifying. Complete with ghosts from the netherworld, kidnapped innocent children, and professional ghost-catchers, the book is both readable and frightening.

Part of its success lies in the fact that it fuses the real with the fantastic. It is realistic enough, for it's about a middle-American family living in a middle-American housing development, yet this same family is visited by ghosts and spirits of the dead. This fusion creates the exact atmosphere necessary to frighten the reader and to ensure he continues reading. The unique ending adds just the right amount of spice to the story.

Cujo (Signet, \$6.50) by Stephen King, the author of the well-known *Shining*, also succeeds in fusing reality with horror. The rabid dog Cujo terrifies a small town. His story is told by a narrator who explains also the feelings of Cujo as he undergoes the metamorphosis from

a friendly dog to a rabid monster. Cujo, presented at first as the epitome of "man's best friend," does not grasp the sickening change taking place in his body. There is true horror in waiting for Cujo to go berserk.

Cujo succeeds because it is a horror story based on a truly credible event. On the other hand, *The Sisterhood* (Bantam, \$3.95) fails. Based on an already cliché image of a group of vigilantes crusading for euthanasia, this story is neither well-told nor frightening. The sisterhood is a network of nurses who have decided to become mercy-killers, and choose who will live and who die. These nurses are given assignments to kill any unfortunate or terminally ill patient. Of course, things go wrong, the chief sister, feeling threatened, takes off on a power trip, and people start getting killed even if they don't want to die. Big deal.

In *Hobgoblins* (Berkeley, \$3.50) John Coyne has an excellent idea, but for some reason the book just misses the mark. *Hobgoblins* is the name of a board game played by everyone at a particular high school. The central character, a

Hobgoblin fanatic, is a high-school kid who freaks out and begins to confuse real life with the board game. The fact that his family has just moved into an old castle adds to his delusions. Coyne does an excellent job in constructing an unreal reality. The final scenes are quite frightening yet there is something lacking. A mad woman, on the loose with her faithful servant, kills all who come in her way while the teenager plays a game of *Hobgoblins*. The climax is mere confusion instead of horror. Yet the last scene, in which the hero, playing his part in the game, saves everyone else, is truly enjoyable horror.

Grail (Avon, \$4.50) also rates high marks for its delicate balance between slightly distorted reality and absolute absurdity. Philip Michaels, an unknown writer, tells a tale of Vatican horror and religious fanaticism based on the re-appearance of the sought after Holy Grail — the wine cup of Jesus at the Last Supper. Gathering pieces for a museum tour of pagan relics belonging to the Vatican, a priest unknowingly stumbles across this sacred goblet. It makes its way eventually to New York, and it is there the evil occurs. Satan himself attempts to steal the goblet that has such power. A classic struggle between good and evil ensues as more and more people get swallowed up by the Devil. Only the goodness of the priest can overcome. And he does. A certainly comforting end to an almost unbelievable horror story. □

IN THE MIDST of packing up to go abroad, I managed to visit a do-it-yourself course, tour a model home built from Finnish wood, and sample a meal of Vita convenience foods.

You must know the frustrating feeling of hesitating about a new commodity so tempting that you want to run right out and buy it — only to discover it is not yet available. That is how I felt when I visited the trial course sponsored by the Histadrut Consumer Protection Authority on how to do simple household repairs by yourself.

The initial three-month course, given to 20 lucky hand-picked participants out of hundreds of applicants, is about to end — and the Histadrut consumer body plans to conduct another one in Tel Aviv next fall and two in other localities. But this seems hardly sufficient for a splendid idea for which there would undoubtedly be tremendous public demand. The first class, mostly women, studied the rudiments of plumbing, electricity, metalwork, carpentry, painting and wallpapering, and elementary construction in weekly three-hour class-room and workshop lessons at the Max Fine Vocational School in Tel Aviv.

The main problem in holding more such courses is the cost. Nuzhat Katzav, director of the Consumer Authority, explained that the trial run was almost totally subsidized by her organization, with participants paying only a token \$3.00. The participants were chosen from active volunteers of the Authority and representatives of local labour councils. In order to provide proper professional instructors, workshops and materials, the real cost of such a three-month programme would be \$5,000-7,500 at today's prices. Katzav does not believe many consumers would be willing to pay that much, but I disagree. In the long run, do-it-yourself training can be a considerable money-saver.

However, whatever the reason, Katzav says her Consumer Authority's policy in future will be to charge about half the real cost, with the Histadrut subsidizing the rest.

The aims of the course, she explains, are to enable householders to reduce their dependence on professional craftsmen for simple repairs; to enable them to understand and evaluate professionals' estimates for bigger jobs; and to train a corps of consumer-group volunteers who can assist elderly and needy persons with household repairs.

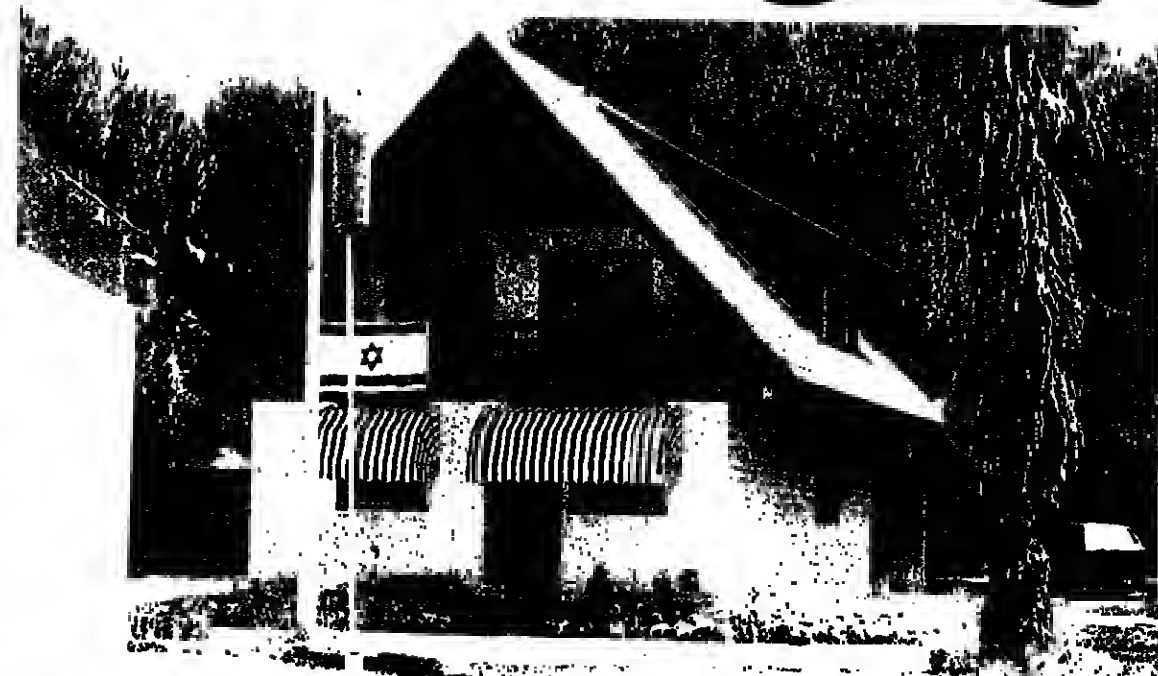
Katzav herself is taking the do-it-yourself lessons and says that since she began, her husband has refused to do his customary repair chores around the house.

The Consumer Authority is also considering consumer courses in do-it-yourself auto mechanics, but this is still in the planning stage.

The principal of the Max Fine Vocational School, Yehuda Shohat, says the school offers a wide variety of more specific and more technical adult education courses in the evenings, as do other schools in the Histadrut's Amal vocational school network. Some of these adult classes are subsidized by the Ministry of Labour and intended to lead to a trade, while others are more in the nature of hobbies. Shohat says if a group of 15 or more people request a specific course, the school is usually able to oblige. The numbers to call are 03-254722 or 251741, between 5 and 7 p.m.

YOU PROBABLY can't build it yourself, but you can order a prefabricated model house made from Finnish wood — a 20 per cent saving on conventional building methods.

Winding up



The prefabricated model house made from Finnish wood — a 20 per cent saving on conventional building methods.

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

Finnish wood house today from E.B.D. Co. Ltd., a Ramat Gan building company, and have it delivered in four months. This is considerably quicker than conventional cement-block construction, and time is money in building-cost calculations. Ya'akov Shapiro, E.B.D. general manager, claims that a "villa" would cost 20 per cent more to build conventionally than by his method.

A two-storey, 174sq.m. model home by E.B.D. went on display last week at the Tel Aviv exhibition grounds. It will be open for viewing every time there is a fair there, or by appointment through the company's Ramat Gan headquarters. A house of this type would cost \$575 per sq.m., the firm says, or just under \$100,000 for a replica of the one on show. Six variations are available, in sizes from 120 to 174 sq.m. If built in the Shomron settlements of Elkun Gimmel or Ya'arit, this price includes the land, but elsewhere it does not. The four-month building time is based on the assumption that all the necessary infrastructure is ready at the site.

Present at the inauguration of the model home was the Finnish ambassador to Israel, Mr. Erkki Maentakinen, who told the gathering that the house combines the best products of the two countries. Two-thirds of the materials used are Israeli in origin, while the pre-fab pine-wood slabs come ready-made from a firm called Jutas in Finland. There is discussion about eventually setting up a finishing plant here to process raw wood from Finland into wall slabs, we were told.

ACCORDING TO Shapiro, the wood components in these houses — which include walls, ceilings and staircases — are treated with a fire-retardant substance and meet the stiff Scandinavian safety standards, which demand that walls of a private home must be able to withstand a fire for at least half an hour. The E.B.D. wood imports have not been tested at the Israel Standards Institute.

The head of the institute's fire laboratory, Yu'akov Balbin, says it is possible to test and classify any building material for flammability according to the existing general Israel standards for construction

materials. He says there are also plans to develop a local safety specification for wooden house components. As for relying on foreign standards, Balbin told me, one must read their terms very carefully, because some of them may apply to summer holiday homes and be less strict than what is necessary for year-round housing in heavily built-up neighbourhoods.

As for the present protection to Israeli home purchasers, said Balbin, a lot depends on the municipal authority concerned and how strict it is in approving building licences. Some local councils, such as Herzliya, require approval of house plans by the fire brigade, which in turn asks the Institute's fire laboratory for its opinion. But most municipalities are not so fire-safety conscious.

Balbin confirmed my assumption that our conventional cement building-blocks are a particularly safe material from the standpoint of fire safety.

Shapiro told the press conference that he had been assured by several insurance companies that their premiums would not be any higher if a house were constructed of wood rather than conventional blocks — an indication that insurance companies do not consider wood a particularly hazardous material for private homes.

THE EXTERIOR of the prefabricated Finnish walls must be covered with some substance to protect them from the elements. If they are simply coated with a protective paint, this must be reapplied every few years. The cheapest facing is a plywood layer with a stucco finish.

The model house on display has a facing of long slabs, which resemble real stone but cost half the price. Itong is a locally-made material, concrete with air bubbles in it to give it lightness and good insulation qualities.

Why build a house from wood if you plan to cover it with stucco or artificial stone facing? Apart from a likely saving in cost and time,

E.B.D. claims that the pine walls give an insulation factor eight times as great as conventional building blocks, and this can mean a long-range economy in heating and cooling bills. However, the manufacturers of Itong told me privately that it has even better insulation and fire-safety qualities for house walls.

One thing which surprised me in the model home was that the interior walls were not wood-pannelled, but were chipboard (sheer) covered with wallpaper. Ceilings, however, are wood-pannelled. Floors are ordinary tiles, or carpeted. In addition to the two living floors, there is an attic under the sloping roof, which could be used for storage, though it would be too hot in an ordinary room.

E.B.D. of Ramat Gan is one of several local companies today employing wood for the exterior walls of prefabricated housing, but it claims to be the second largest in this field after Amkon, and also cheaper than that firm. So far, E.B.D. has sold about 50 houses, mostly to professionals and middle-to-upper-range salaried people with an average of three children. It is possible to build a one-storey house, but this will cost more per square metre, the company warns.

VITA, one of the country's largest food manufacturers, has a tradition of inviting the press for an annual luncheon of convenience foods easy to prepare in the summer heat or to take along on camping trips. This year's luncheon at the Tel Aviv Dan Hotel showed off three new products in this category: tinned baked beans with kebabs, baked beans with long, thin sausages (sushanas), and sweet-sour Chinese chicken with pineapple. Each tin has a recommended retail price of \$5.98. The contents weigh 450 grams, of which a third is meat. The firm considers this to be two portions, which seems about right. The Chinese chicken should be served over rice.

Vita has also come out this season with an increased variety of ketchup flavours. The new ones are called Barbecue and Grill, and supplement its previous list of Regular, Hot, and Mexican.

The company has also put out a

new Hebrew recipe booklet for its dessert mixes, called "Vita-Pri," which are pure, fruit-flavoured and require little effort to produce light, fluffy desserts. There are also recipes using its tinned concentrated fruit beverages.

Vita general manager Yitzhak Plotkin, whose late father founded the family firm over 40 years ago, announced proudly that their exports are expected to reach \$400m. during 1983, an increase of 33 per cent over last year. He believes this is unique among Israeli food firms this year, when many companies are complaining about a drop in exports.

Britain and the U.S. are Vita's main markets abroad, but it sells to nearly 50 countries around the globe. These include Japan, which buys Vita's grapefruit segments and citrus jams — "and the Japanese are very fastidious about their fruit and vegetable products," says Plotkin.

Vita is by far Israel's largest processor of apricots, has set up a new department for tomato processing, and is a leading producer of dehydrated soups. In chicken soup powder, Vita claims to outsell all its competitors put together.

AT THE RISK of publicizing products which might better be left undiscovered, I would like to make a note for what I consider the most superfluous imports to hit our shores recently. The choice is difficult, because there are so many weird and wondrous imports these days.

My first prize, however, must go to the Kol-Bo Shalom department store in Tel Aviv for bringing in an entire line of exotic tropical fruits, mostly in tins, from the Far East and selling them at prices twice and three times as much as those of local tinned fruits and many times higher than the delicious fresh fruits we have year around. I found most of these syrupy imports tasting much alike, but they include a number of exotics such as "rambutan," a relative of the lychee, "mongosteen," and "Jack fruit." There is even "Mariam plum," another name for the loquat or our *shesek*, which we have fresh in such abundance every spring.

Other new Kol-Bo Shalom imports from the Far East include tinned coconut milk, dried sweetened banana chips, pickled papaya, and even pickled chick-peas, which is our familiar *houmous* in another form. If that isn't carrying coals to Newcastle, I don't know what is.

My second prize goes to something I found at Super-Sol in a cellophane bag labelled "Green Peas Snack." At first I thought it was a candy in the shape of peas, but it turned out to be salt-coated dried peas, described as a "Back to Green Life natural snack, non-preserved," made by "The Largest Snack Food Manufacturer in Taiwan." It has a long list of ingredients, however, including everything from sugar to food colouring! The importer is Wiliger of Tel Aviv.

When I brought these peas to the office to get some consumer reaction, one of my colleagues said they reminded her of a Middle Eastern snack called "b'sameh" — a kind of dried peas on their original branches, sold by Arab street peddlars in the pre-state era.

Sometimes, in moments of despair over our battle of exports versus imports, I think it is only a matter of time before someone tries to import oranges and sell them in Dizengoff Circle. There would undoubtedly be buyers. □

Martha Meisels